

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 800



MARCH 28, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

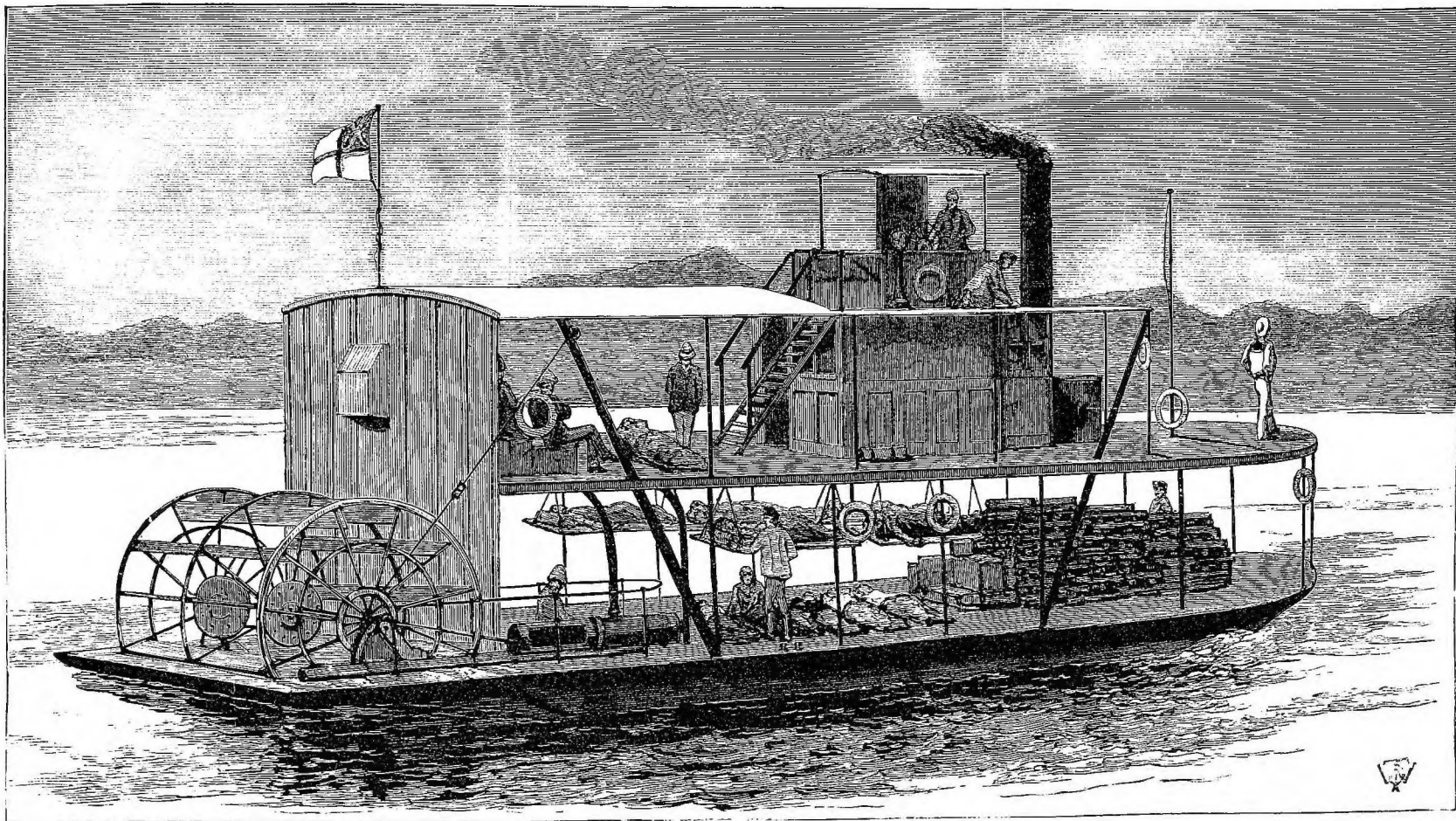
No. 800.—VOL. XXXI.
Registered as a Newspaper

ÉDITION
DE LUXE

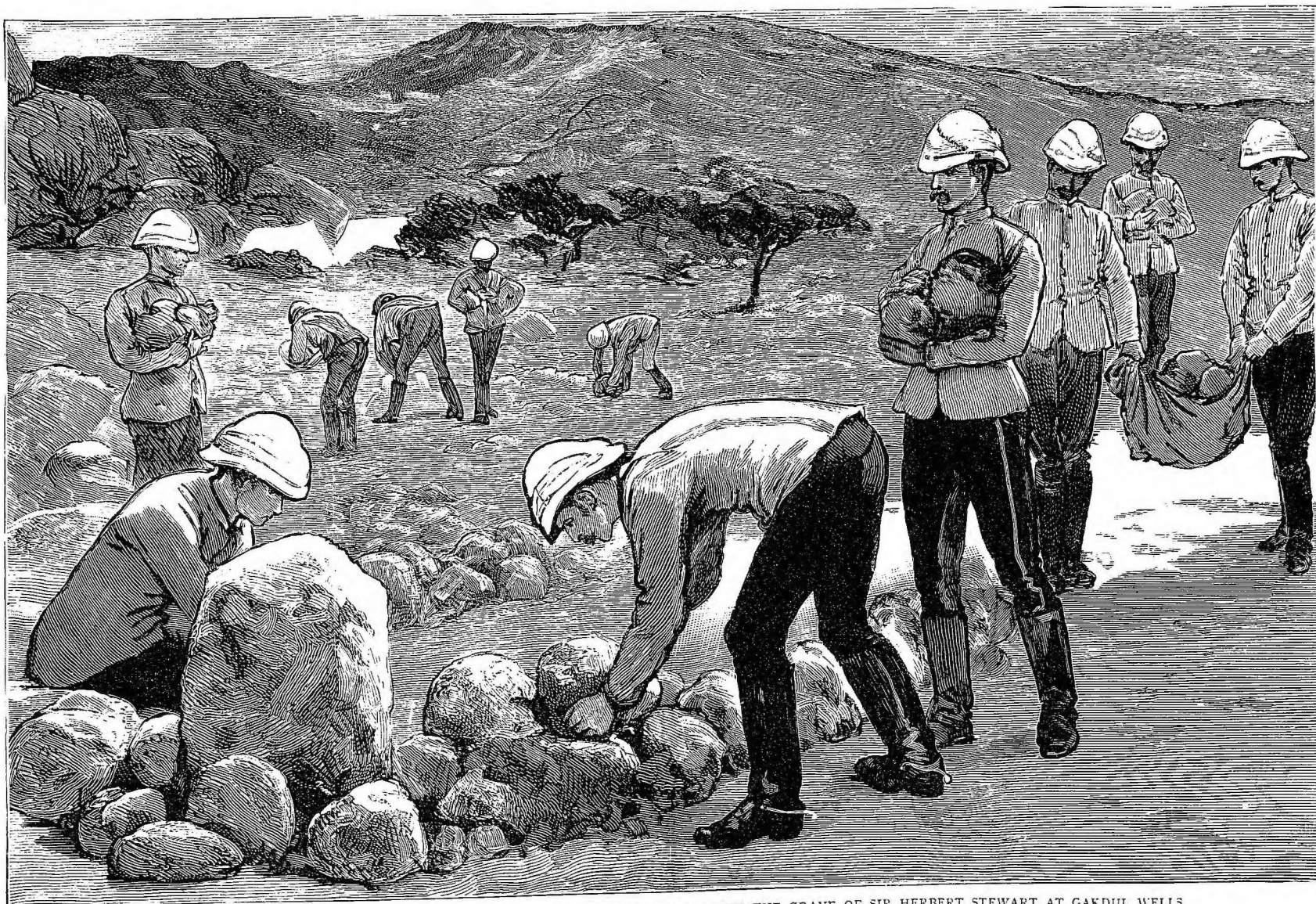
SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



THE STEAMER "YARROW" TAKING WOUNDED TO DONGOLA



A LAST TRIBUTE TO A BELOVED LEADER—MEN OF THE 19TH HUSSARS FENCING THE GRAVE OF SIR HERBERT STEWART AT GAKDUL WELLS

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

Topics of the Week

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN ARRANGEMENT.—The Afghan complication is beginning to assume a most serious complexion, and even those who took optimistic views last week are now constrained to confess that the slightest chance spark may light up a conflagration almost certain to spread over two Continents. It is clearly perceived that the "arrangement" on which Mr. Gladstone laid so much stress has little or no value. Either party can repudiate it at any moment without being guilty of a breach of faith, and it actually gives General Komaroff the power of deciding the amount of provocation required to justify the renewal of the Russian advance. Moreover, the arrangement is not even in writing, but merely a verbal assurance communicated to our Ambassador at St. Petersburg by M. de Giers, and then telegraphed to London. In short, the truce is a hollow one, and both sides show their cognisance of the fact by pushing forward preparations for war. Russia is hurrying up strong reinforcements from the Caucasus, and increasing her Asiatic army by fresh levies; while there are unpleasant rumours of a Persian contingent moving towards Herat. On the other hand, telegrams from India state that two army corps are about to be sent to Quetta, irrespective of the 20,000 men assembled at Rawul Pindie to meet the Ameer. All this looks warlike enough; but it may be that both Governments are playing a game of brag. There is, at all events, only too much likelihood that St. Petersburg will think so, in default of our doing something more than talk about "concentrating to the front." There is one way, and that of the simplest, by which the most incredulous Russ might be convinced that England is really in earnest this time. If the splendid force now on the Red Sea littoral were transferred to Kurrachee, *en route* to Quetta, our intention to fulfil our promise to the Ameer at any cost would be made too apparent for any misconception. Neither England nor Russia wishes to go to war; the real peril of the situation is that each is aware of the other's indisposition, and so may be tempted, to go too far in trading on it.

THE NEW CONVENTION.—There was no very good reason why the debate on the New Convention should be postponed until after Easter. The subject is one of vast importance, no doubt; but it is also a subject about which it is easy to form a decisive judgment. Every one, indeed, had a definite opinion about it as soon as the facts were made known. The action of Parliament with regard to it is seriously hampered, for it might be perilous to reject a proposal to which all the Great Powers have given their assent; but Englishmen are practically unanimous in condemning the course which the Government have pursued. It was assumed that they had at least attempted to prevent the establishment of a Multiple Control in Egypt, but Mr. Childers had soon to confess that they had done nothing of the kind. They accepted the international guarantee without asking any inconvenient questions as to what it might mean; and, of course, the Powers understood all the time that it meant, and could only mean, the recognition on our part of their right to interfere with our plans for the reorganisation of the Egyptian Government. And this fatal concession we have made, although we alone have sacrificed, and are sacrificing, life and treasure for the protection of Egypt. A more unjust arrangement never received the approval of a powerful State; and all the world sees that it will involve us in even greater troubles than those by which we have hitherto been perplexed. For we cannot leave Egypt until order has been re-established, and order in the true sense cannot be re-established if our proceedings are to be incessantly called in question by jealous rivals.

THE AMERICAN LEGATION.—"Motley I know, and Lowell I know," some flippant person may say; "but who is Phelps?" It would seem that even President Cleveland did not know much about Mr. Phelps, who has been chosen to represent the United States' Government at the Court of St. James's, for he was unaware whether his Christian name was Edwin or Edward. But, although Mr. Phelps may be comparatively an unknown man, there is no reason to presume that Mr. Cleveland has made a rash or unwise selection. We are led to say this on the strength of past experience. The Americans are a young nation, only a hundred years old; they had no aristocracy, or even leisured class, from which in Europe the ranks of diplomacy are chiefly recruited; and yet they have, on the whole, been excellently served by their diplomatic agents abroad. The British Legation is naturally regarded by the authorities at Washington as the most important of all the Embassies which Uncle Sam sends to foreign parts; and, if the diplomatic annals of the States are consulted from the day when poor obstinate George III. received with such cordial manliness John Adams, the first Ambassador from his late rebel subjects, up to the present day, it will be admitted that the roll of names is honourable to the United States. Society, of course, will regret the loss of Mr. Lowell, if he elects to quit our shores, for he may remain, after all, in a private capacity. Mr. Lowell was a man of European reputation before he accepted his responsible post, and since then

he has identified himself so completely, not only with our social life, but also with the various public functions, charitable or otherwise, in which Englishmen are interested, that people have insensibly come to regard him as one of themselves. There can be no doubt that his behaviour here has helped to strengthen that invisible and impalpable cable of mutual respect and good fellowship which links the two nations together. Sometimes, however, new brooms are advisable, even when the old brooms sweep well. Some of his countrymen possibly may have thought that Mr. Lowell was getting just a little bit too English; at all events, President Cleveland, who has hitherto turned a deaf ear to Democratic office-seekers, has suddenly applied the proverbial "guillotine" to the holders of the three most important European Embassies. We have no right to complain of his decision, and we can but express a hope that the new men will please both those who sent them, and those to whom they are sent.

THE SUAKIM CAMPAIGN.—It is not much wonder that civilians fail to understand the object of the campaign in the Eastern Sudan when the military clubs themselves are at a loss to guess General Graham's intentions. We cannot have sent 10,000 men to that pestilential shore for the mere purpose of surrounding Suakim on the land side with a chain of little forts, each perched on the summit of a hill. The place was quite capable of defending itself without these outworks; it has done so for a whole year, and not on a single occasion have the Arabs made a real effort to get inside. As for "smashing the Mahdi," or giving a helping hand to Lord Wolseley, our gallant soldiers might as well have remained in England for all they can do to promote either of these objects. However, there is no use in puzzling over the matter. Some day the public will learn, we suppose, how it happened that a campaign which was abandoned last March on account of the terrible heat, has been renewed this March under precisely the same climatic conditions. In other respects the situation is less favourable than it was at that time. Osman Digma had then lost three-quarters of his followers at El Teb and Tamai, and could he have been pressed vigorously, it is probable that all the rest would have deserted his standard. At present, he has some 20,000 or 25,000 men at his disposal, and the fighting so far proves that they are not at all inclined to remain passive spectators while the famous railway to Berber is being constructed. In the first engagement, Osman Digma showed not a little cleverness in his method of attack, declining a regular battle and taking every advantage of the bush to shelter his men. But on Sunday the old Arab method of coming to close quarters was employed, and at one time there seemed some likelihood of a *replica* of Maiwand. Fortunately for General McNeill's little column the enemy did not greatly outnumber it, or we might have had to regret a disaster instead of congratulating ourselves on another victory. General Graham takes comfort for his heavy losses in the thought that "the enemy have received a severe lesson." Perhaps Osman Digma may entertain the same opinion with respect to General Graham.

DISESTABLISHMENT.—Those who took part in the Disestablishment Conference on Tuesday seemed to have no doubt that the question in which they are chiefly interested will be "the next great question of the day." Perhaps they may be right. The working classes in town are not such regular attendants at the services of the Church of England, or indeed of any other Denomination, as might be desired; and they may be tempted by the prospect of revenues which are now devoted to religious uses being appropriated for secular purposes. On the other hand, no one really knows the opinions of agricultural labourers. Whatever it may be in practice, the Church of England is in theory as much the Church of the poor as of the rich; and agricultural labourers may feel that if they damaged it they would be injuring an institution which is, or which is capable of being made, an institution peculiarly their own. However this may be, it is certain that we shall by-and-by hear very much more about Disestablishment than we have heard in past times; and the chances are that Churchmen will cease to be greatly alarmed if the agitation should seem likely to prove successful. It is sometimes said that the object of Liberationists is to destroy the Church of England. But a Church can be destroyed only from within; it cannot be seriously affected by any external change, even if the change be so great a one as that which is now proposed. There are, indeed, a good many members of the Church of England who hold that it will never be able to exercise its full strength until it is free from the control of the State; and the influence of this party may become considerably more important than that of Nonconformist agitators.

SIR HARRY PARKES.—At the present time, when the political horizon is obscured on every side by threatening clouds, and when the vessel of the State is being navigated by a captain and crew whose past conduct causes them to be regarded with the utmost distrust, we may well feel a selfish regret at the death of Sir Harry Parkes. He was not only an indefatigable public servant, courageous, and at the same time adroit—two very valuable qualities in the East—but he also really understood China and the Chinese in a greater degree than any other Englishman, except perhaps Sir Thomas Wade. And at the present critical juncture of affairs a strong man at the British Embassy at Peking is espe-

cially needed. We are like the traveller on the river bank who was threatened at one and the same moment by a tiger and an alligator. But, unfortunately, the fact that the two animals are locked in deadly conflict will not permit us to escape, as the traveller escaped. It is just because France and China are at war that we, who have greater interests in these waters than any other nation, are in danger of being dragged into the conflict. On the one hand, a sudden outburst of Chinese fanaticism, culminating in a massacre at the treaty ports, might compel us to take sides against the Emperor. On the other hand, the action of the French in hampering our trade may become intolerable. Our Government seems, as usual, to have acted rather tamely in this matter of rice cargoes. They have tacitly admitted the French contention that rice is contraband of war, and hence, as regards all Chinese ports north of Canton (to which the French regulations apply) the conveyance of rice in our vessels is practically paralysed. Would our Government have acted so complacently towards a small Power—Greece, for example? We trow not. We can but hope that there may be some substance in the rumoured peace negotiations, for, if the war smoulders on, we shall have great difficulty, in spite of Lord Granville's polite pliability, in avoiding action against one or other of the belligerents.

'THE BOYS' GORDON MEMORIAL.—The deep affection shown by General Gordon for the young and helpless renders it quite in accordance with the fitness of things that our young barbarians should get up a memorial of their own to the hero of Khartoum. A home for human waifs and strays is the form suggested by those who have initiated this praiseworthy enterprise. Miss Gordon says that it is what he would have wished more than anything else; and since the Mansion House subscription is to be spent on an international hospital, the work nearest to Gordon's heart is left for English boys to carry out. But why boys only? Why not girls as well? Why not all children, young and old, rich and poor, in the kingdom? Gordon cared for them all, and there can be but few of them who do not return his love. It should be needless, however, to argue in favour of the happy idea; the real difficulty lies in organising a combined effort, to include all the schools in the kingdom. Most liberal subscriptions would be forthcoming, we feel certain; at every school where the scheme has been mooted the pupils have come forward enthusiastically with whatever donations their pocket-money would admit of. But the vast majority of schools are still in ignorance of the project, while those which have taken it up know not where to send their subscriptions. All that is wanted, therefore, is a central committee of unemployed gentlemen and another of ladies, to communicate with every school, to receive subscriptions, and to draft a plan for the expenditure of the money in accordance with Gordon's known views. If one of the Prince of Wales's sons were to take up the matter—and what work could be more graceful and gracious?—every difficulty would vanish in a moment.

SCRUTIN DE LISTE.—In England we shall soon have an electoral system of which the single-member constituency will be one of the most important features. Oddly enough, at the very time when we are adopting this method the French are establishing *scrutin de liste*, the principle of which is that every elector in a Department shall have as many votes as there are seats to be filled. In Gambetta's time this plan was so unpopular that the Chambers peremptorily refused to accept it; and no doubt they acted wisely, for Gambetta loved power, and *scrutin de liste* would have given him a dangerous pre-eminence. Now that France has no immediate reason to dread the supremacy of any ambitious statesman, it is thought that she may safely assent to the proposal which she formerly disliked. It will have at least one excellent effect in making deputies less dependent on the goodwill of individual voters. A Member of Parliament in France is constantly persecuted by letters from constituents who want places or some other "little favour;" and few deputies can afford openly to resent these tiresome importunities. The consequence, of course, is that even scrupulously honest Ministers have the greatest difficulty in maintaining the purity of the public service. All this will be changed by the new system, and so far the results of *scrutin de liste* will be altogether beneficial. On the other hand, the power of the wire-pullers will be vastly increased, and it is by no means certain that the overwhelming Republican majority which is sure to be elected will make a prudent use of its opportunities. Besides, may not France have to be on her guard some day against another Gambetta? She will not always be ruled by mediocrities; and when the coming great man appears, she may perhaps regret that she ever deprived minorities of the chance of taking a prominent place in the Legislature.

DR. WORDSWORTH.—The late Bishop of Lincoln was possessed of many remarkable qualities, but the influence which he exercised was not commensurate with those qualities. Future prelates may well desire to emulate his fine scholarship, his unceasing energy, and his unimpeachable conscientiousness; but they will be less willing to adopt that narrowness of view which kept him in perpetual controversy—the dispute, too, being often about matters of no real importance. Was it worth while, for example, to incur the hostility of the whole Nonconformist body for the sake of

preventing a Dissenting Minister from dubbing himself "Reverend" on a tombstone? We mention this typical instance with the less hesitation because, unhappily, there are still a good many clergymen who, without a tithe of Dr. Wordsworth's ability, are gifted with all his intolerance. These are the men who, by their ill-considered acts, lend strength to the agitation of the Liberation Society, and cause Dissenters of all kinds to long for the day when the Church of England shall be pulled down from its present proud eminence, and placed on a level with other religious bodies. We shall be sorry if ever that day arrives, because the Disestablished Church—even if it does not split into two or more divisions—will assuredly be less liberal and tolerant than the existing Church is in its official capacity. Another point of interest in the character of the late Bishop of Lincoln was his doctrinal stand-point. He was a staunch adherent of the old High Church party, who were in existence generations before the so-called Oxford movement began. He was anti-evangelical, and yet vigorously opposed to the pretensions of Rome. A few years ago it might have been safely said that the creed professed by Bishop Wordsworth would attract few among the younger generation of the clergy, who were either "Broad," "Low," or "High," with, in the latter case, a decidedly Romeward tendency. But of late years there has been a change. Ritualists are now treated with a forbearance formerly unknown, but which, if it had been practised five-and-thirty years ago, would have preserved such men as Newman and Manning to the National Church. Then many of those who sought repose in Rome found her green pastures a deceitful mirage. The result is that "going over to Rome" is by no means such a popular process as it used to be among the Tractarian clergy. If it be true that Ritualism no longer necessarily ends in Romanism, it is a very important fact, for it can scarcely be denied that the most earnest and active lay members of the Church of England at the present time—especially among the young—are more or less favourable to what are known as Ritualistic tendencies.

THE SHEFFIELD PHENOMENON.—There is no town in England that has been more notorious for the bitterness of its industrial quarrels than Sheffield. It was there that in the early days of Trades Unionism some of the worst outrages were perpetrated by workmen, even to the extent of compassing the deaths of classmates who disobeyed the Union leaders. Miraculous, therefore, must the change have been when the operatives in the employ of Messrs. Cooke and Co. have voluntarily offered to work for a whole week without pay. It was not open to these fine fellows to submit to a reduction of wages, as they were bound by the ruling of the South Staffordshire Board of Conciliation. But, having ascertained that their employers were suffering terribly from the stagnation in trade, they put their heads together, and voluntarily agreed to make it up to their masters by going without pay for one week. For all practical purposes, this is equivalent to a reduction of wages. Say that a hand earns thirty shillings a week. By sacrificing that remuneration, he practically submits to a reduction of a shilling per week from his wages for thirty weeks. This, too, at a time when, owing to the slackness of trade, a very large number of the workmen have been working short time, and consequently not earning full wages. No wonder that the firm were deeply touched by the noble offer, which they accepted in the same kindly spirit as that which actuated the hands. Strained relations should never again be known at that factory. After this mark of sympathy all the noisy demagogues in the world should fail to stir up strife between capital and labour at the Tinsley Works. And "so mote it be" throughout the kingdom, we feel convinced, if masters and men would only learn to know one another better as human beings.

THE EMPIRE OF THE SEA.—M. Charmer has been writing in the *Revue Scientifique* an article on the naval wars of the future. Some of his statements are open to dispute, yet much that he says might be usefully laid to heart by those numerous persons in this country who talk glibly of war with Russia as if it were a very trifling matter. It is dangerous to draw inferences from the war of 1854. Then we had France, Turkey, and Sardinia for allies; now we should in all probability have to face the foe single-handed. Then, as regards naval efforts, the war, as was said at the time, was like a conflict between a fish and a horse. Neither combatant could get at the other. We could not pierce the defences of Cronstadt; while the Russian fleet was, for all offensive purposes, safely bottled up. But the balance of naval supremacy was greatly on our side, because, although nothing of the nature of a sea-fight took place, we were able by means of our ships to cause much damage to the Russian fortresses in the Baltic, the Black Sea, and even in the Pacific. The development of the torpedo would render these fortresses much less easy to attack than they were thirty years ago. This, however, is a comparatively unimportant consideration, for we should soon find enough to do in conveying our own merchant ships without attacking the strong places on the enemy's coast. M. Charmer may be mistaken in supposing that "all the small ambitious nations will be eager to act towards Great Britain as she acted towards America at the time of rebellion, and will ruin her commerce by means of privateers." But there can be little doubt that in case of a war between ourselves and any formidable Power, privateers

will appear on the high seas. The enemy may profess that their presence is unauthorised, but nevertheless they will be there, and, as commercial enterprise is proverbially timid, a few of these Red Rovers, skilfully handled, may cause the transfer of the bulk of our mercantile marine to foreign flags. These are gloomy forecasts, and possibly they may remain unfulfilled, but they are worth pondering over before rushing "with a light heart" into war.

ANTI-VACCINATORS AT LEICESTER.—This used to be reckoned a charitable generation, apt to reverse the sentences passed by its sterner forefathers on alleged evil-doers. Patient investigators have shown—at any rate to their own satisfaction—that Nero, Richard III., Henry VIII., and Robespierre were much better fellows than their contemporaries supposed them to be. Sometimes, however, the current runs the other way. A striking instance has just occurred in Leicester. Jenner, the discoverer of the cow-pock, whom we were taught to regard as one of the undoubted benefactors of the human race, has just been hanged in effigy by the intelligent inhabitants of that flourishing borough. His offence, of course, was what used to be regarded as his chief merit, namely, that he was the inventor of that abominable and detestable practice, vaccination. At this moment there are five thousand persons in Leicester who have refused to bare their children's arms to Baal, the God of Lymph. Why is Leicester so anti-vaccine? Has the elastic webbing by which the citizens made money in former days warped their souls, or can it be that Mr. Peter Taylor's influence has permeated the whole community? Meanwhile, we shall watch the borough with keen interest, as the seat of an important experiment. The citizens' plan of removing and isolating not only those stricken with small-pox, but all the other inmates of the house, is sensible, not to say heroic; but will it suffice when the wave of such another epidemic as that of 1872 sweeps over the town? If it does suffice, vaccination will be shown to be less necessary as a safeguard than has usually been supposed; but if it does not, and a small-pox massacre like those of the seventeenth century should follow, why then we may presume that even the solid men of Leicester will be less ready than now to hang poor Jenner's image on a mimic gallows.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing FAC-SIMILES of a LETTER and PART of the DIARY of the late GENERAL GORDON.

NOTICE.—This week we begin a Novelette by J. S. Winter, Author of "Cavalry Life," &c., entitled "BOOTLES' BABY." This story will be completed in four parts, the last of which will appear in our issue of April 18th.



PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT.—Last representation of JUNIUS, Saturday, March 28th. THE SILVER KING (by Henry A. Jones and Henry Herman) will be revived on Thursday Next, April 2. Two Performances on Easter Monday. This Evening, at 8.30, JUNIUS, OR THE HOUSEHOLD GODS, a Five Act Play by the late Lord Lytton. Preceded at 7.30 by the COLOUR SERGEANT. Doors open at Seven. Box Office open daily 9.30 till 5. No fees of any kind. Prices—Private Boxes, One to Nine Guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Circle, 3s. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY, Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE, Season under the direction of M. HENRY E. ABBEY. On MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY EVENINGS at EIGHT, Sheridan's Comedy in Five Acts, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL (Last Four Nights for the present). Characters by Mr. W. Farren, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. A. Wood, Mr. E. D. Lyons, Mr. Lin Rayne, Mr. Carne, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Dorrell, Mr. Weathersby, and Mr. Coghlan; Mrs. Arthur Sterling, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss Eva Sotherton, and Mr. ANDERSON. On SATURDAY EVENING, April 4, will be revived, for a limited number of performances, the very successful Four Act Play, called PERIL, by E. C. Stephen-son and Clement Scott.—Box Office open daily from 11 till 5. No fees. Telephone, 3-700.—Matinee of PERIL, SATURDAY, April 11, at 2 o'clock. Doors open at 1.30. Carriages at 5.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, COVENTRY STREET, W.

BRIGHTON THEATRE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—On MONDAY, March 30, Miss LAURA VILLIERS in FEDORA.

GOOD FRIDAY AFTERNOON AT 3. GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT AT 8. ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. On GOOD FRIDAY, April 3rd. THE MAGNIFICENT CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA of the

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS will give TWO SPECIAL CONCERTS OF SACRED MUSIC. The programme being selected from the works of Gounod, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Handel and Spohr. INCREASED ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS. Tickets and places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1885. On EASTER MONDAY, April 6, THE

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS will commence their TWENTIETH ANNUAL SERIES OF EASTER HOLIDAY PERFORMANCES in the

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL. When an entirely new and extraordinarily attractive programme will be presented. ALL NEW MUSIC. NEW AND SCREAMING COMICALITIES. First appearance of the great American Comedian, Mr. W. P. SWEATNAM.

Five thousand seats in the most magnificent hall in the world. Tickets and plans can be secured through the post, by addressing Ambrose Austin, at the Universal Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, on enclosing P.O.O., and a stamped and directed envelope. Pateuils, 5s.; sofa stalls, 3s.; balcony, 2s.; great area and gallery, 1s. No fees.

JAPANESE VILLAGE. UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE. ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK (Near Top of Sloane Street). Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m. ONE SHILLING. Children under Twelve, One Shilling. Wednesdays, Half-a-Crown. Children under Twelve, Three, and Eight (free). Japanese Performances in the New Annex at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free). MILITARY BAND. Managing Director, TANNACKER BUIHROSAN.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND (incorporated by Royal Charter) for the RELIEF of the WIDOWS and ORPHANS of British Artists. PATRON—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

The SEVENTY-SIXTH ANNUARY DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on WEDNESDAY, April 22, 1885.

The Right Hon. Viscount HARDINGE in the chair. The institution is entirely supported by the voluntary donations and subscriptions of artists and patrons of the fine arts. Gentle-men's tickets, 25s.; ladies', 12s. 6d.; and of the may be obtained of the stewards; at the bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, L. YOUNG, Esq., 23, Garrick Street, W.C.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

"ANNO DOMINI," by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

ZEUXIS AT CROTONA. By EDWIN LONG, R.A. I. "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY." II. "THE CHOSEN FIVE." These Two New Pictures, with "ANNO DOMINI" and other works, ON VIEW at 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission, One Shilling.

NEW ENGRAVINGS NOW ON VIEW. THE DAY OF RECKONING. S. E. WALLER. AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE. MARCUS STONE. A PRIOR ATTACHMENT. MARCUS STONE. THE SISTER'S KISS. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. WEDDED. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. A LITTLE DUCHESSE. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. FORBES ROBERTSON. THE POACHER. BRITON RIVIERE. LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE. BRITON RIVIERE. FIRST WHISPER OF LOVE. L. ALMA TADEMA. PLEADING. L. ALMA TADEMA. Engravings of above on sale at 21s. each. OFFER OF MARRIAGE and COMPANION, 31s. 6d. each. THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS. GEO. REFS. 115, Strand, Corner of Savoy Street.

EASTER on the CONTINENT.—The BOAT TRAIN Leaves LIVERPOOL STREET STATION at 8.0 p.m. Every Week Day, and DONCASTER at 4.48 p.m. (in connection with Express Trains from Liverpool, Manchester, and the North), running alongside the Company's Steamers at Harwich (Parkeston Quay). Passengers arrive at Amsterdam and Brussels the following morning. FARES (from London). 1st Class 2d Class Rotterdam or Antwerp and Back 40s. od. 24s. od. Rotterdam, Gouda, The Hague, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and Back 53s. 4d. 34s. 1d. Antwerp, Brussels, the Ardennes, and Back 48s. 6d. 31s. 6d. Tickets, Time-tables, and information at 44, Regent Street, W.; 48, Lime Street, E.C.; Mr. Briggs, Doncaster Railway Station; or F. Gooday, Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL EXPRESS and ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual. EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport and Cowes, on April 1st and 3rd (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, and on GOOD FRIDAY, A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON.—EASTER MONDAY.—The March Past of the Volunteers, at the Grand Stand on the Brighton Race Course, will take place about 11.30 a.m. A SPECIAL FIRST CLASS EXPRESS Train will leave Victoria 9.30 a.m.; returning from Brighton 4.45 p.m. Fare there and back, 15s. First Class; 17s. Pullman Car. These Tickets will be available to return by any Train, according to class, any day up to and including Monday, April 13th.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace, from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, York Road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.:—The Company's General West End Booking Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings (under the Grand Hotel), Trafalgar Square. Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill. Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus. Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand. Jakes's Office, "The Red Cap," Camden Road. Whiteley's, Westbourne Grove. Letts and Co., 33, King William Street, City. Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers. For these Two Offices will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on April 1st, 2nd, and 4th. For further particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Time Books, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Branch Booking Offices. (By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

AN ACCEPTABLE PRESENT. NOW READY, 20S. THE NEW GRAPHIC VOLUME, Comprising the Issues from July 1 to December 31, 1884.

The Volume contains over 500 Engravings by the best Artists, illustrating the Current Events of the Day, as well as presenting Portraits of Eminent Persons and Copies of Celebrated Paintings, and many Original Drawings. It also includes the special Summer and Christmas Numbers.

Bound in blue cloth, gilt letters and edges, 20s. It can be obtained of any Book-seller, or it will be sent carriage free to any English Railway Station direct from the Office for 21s.

Cases for binding any of these volumes can also be obtained—blue cloth gilt, 4s.; or plain, 3s.

190, STRAND, LONDON.

THE DE LUXE EDITION OF "THE GRAPHIC"

Issued every week, is printed on heavy plate paper, and stitched in a handi-cover printed in colours. The extra thickness and superior quality of the paper will prevent any risk of the letterpress on the back showing upon the face of the engravings, so that the objection to printing on the back will be obviated.

It is hoped that this Edition de Luxe may conduce to a closer and more critical examination by the public than is generally accorded to the pages of a newspaper.

The price is 9d., and it is obtainable at any Bookseller's or Railway Bookstall; or by post to any part of England, 9d.

Terms of Annual Subscription, including postage, and extra Summer and Christmas Numbers:—

	Edition—Thin	Thick	De Luxe
UNITED KINGDOM	31s. od.	31s. od.	46s. od.
All parts of EUROPE, AFRICA, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, BRAZIL, CANADA, CAPE, CHILI, EGYPT, JAMAICA, MAURITIUS, MEXICO, PERU, UNITED STATES	33s. od.	37s. 6d.	51s. 6d.
AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND	34s. 6d.	39s. od.	63s. od.
CEYLON, CHINA, INDIA, JAPAN	36s. od.	42s. 6d.	71s. od.

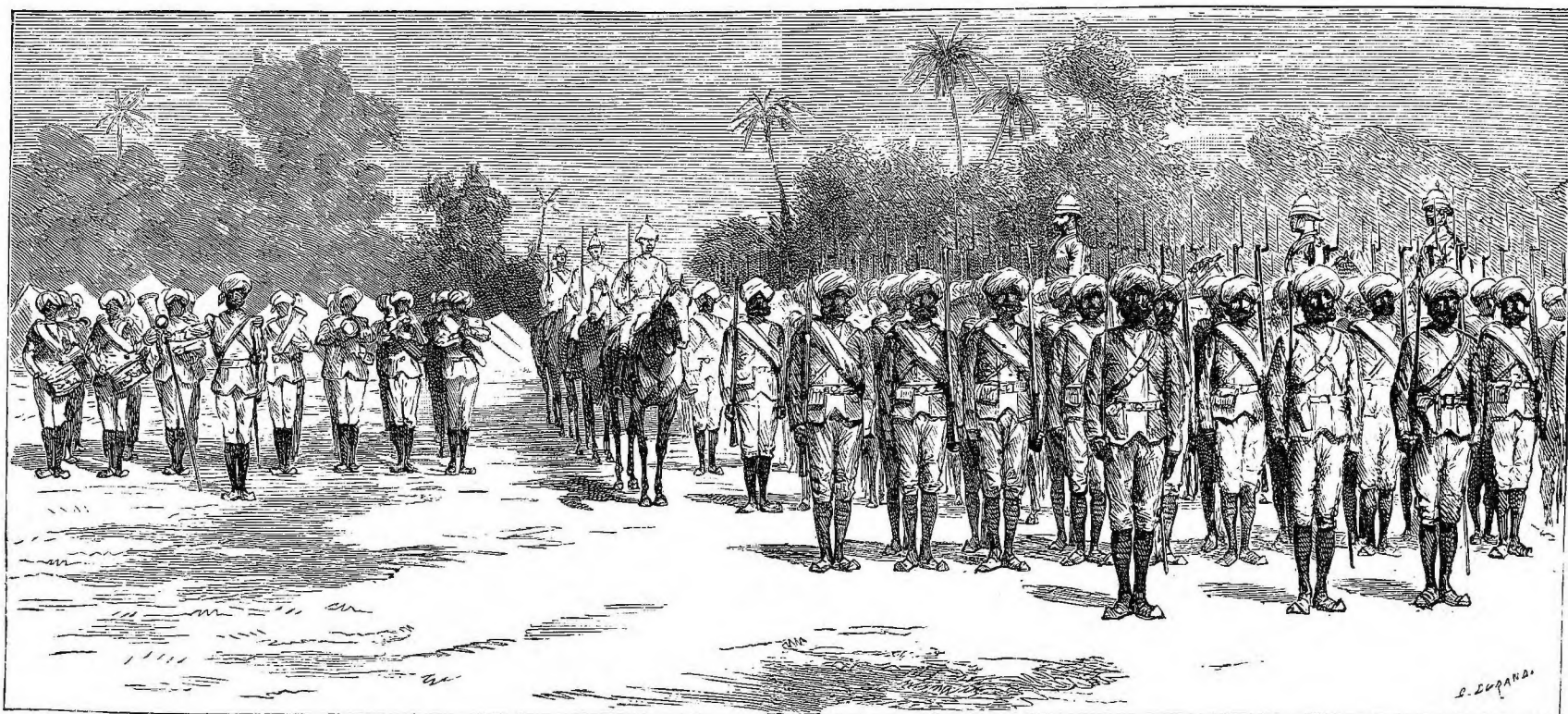
Payment, which must be in advance, can be made by Cheque or P.O.O., payable to the Publisher, E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.

The Postage abroad for the Thin Paper Edition, issued without the Green Cover, if despatched within eight days of date, to any of the following countries, is 1d. per Copy:

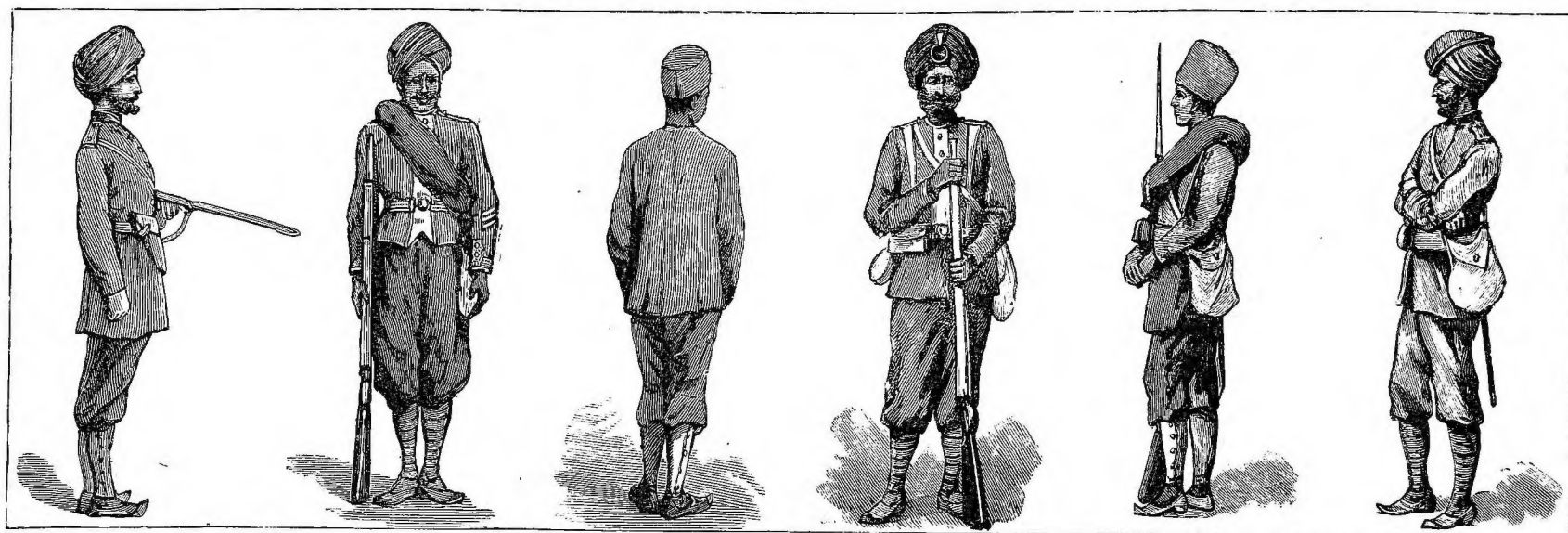
Africa West Coast, Australia, Brazil, Canada, Cape, Chili, Egypt, any part of Europe, Jamaica, Mexico, New Zealand, Peru, any part of United States.

1½d. per Copy

to Ceylon, China, India, and Japan. For the Ordinary Edition, with green cover, double these rates are charged. There must be no "enclosure," or writing inside, or on the cover, beyond the name and address to which it is sent, and the stamp must not affix the address to the cover paper.



INSPECTION OF THE 17TH BENGAL INFANTRY AT ALLAHABAD BY GENERAL SIR F. ROBERTS BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE FOR SUAKIM



Native Officer, 17th Bengal Infantry

Sepoy 17th Bengal Infantry

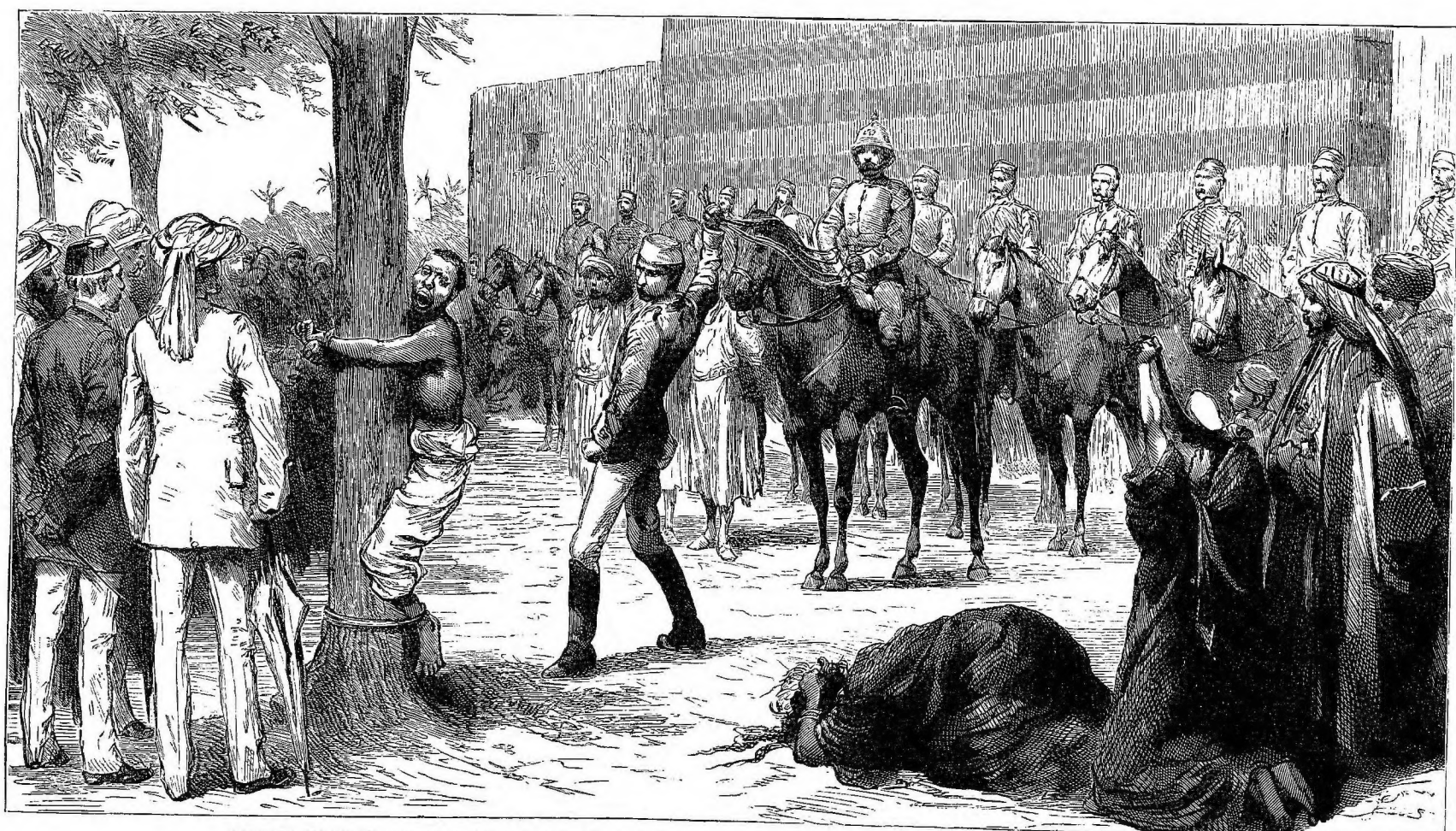
Fatigue Dress 17th Bengal Infantry

Man of 45th (Rattray's) Sikhs in Khaki Uniform

Fighting Kit of the 17th Native Infantry

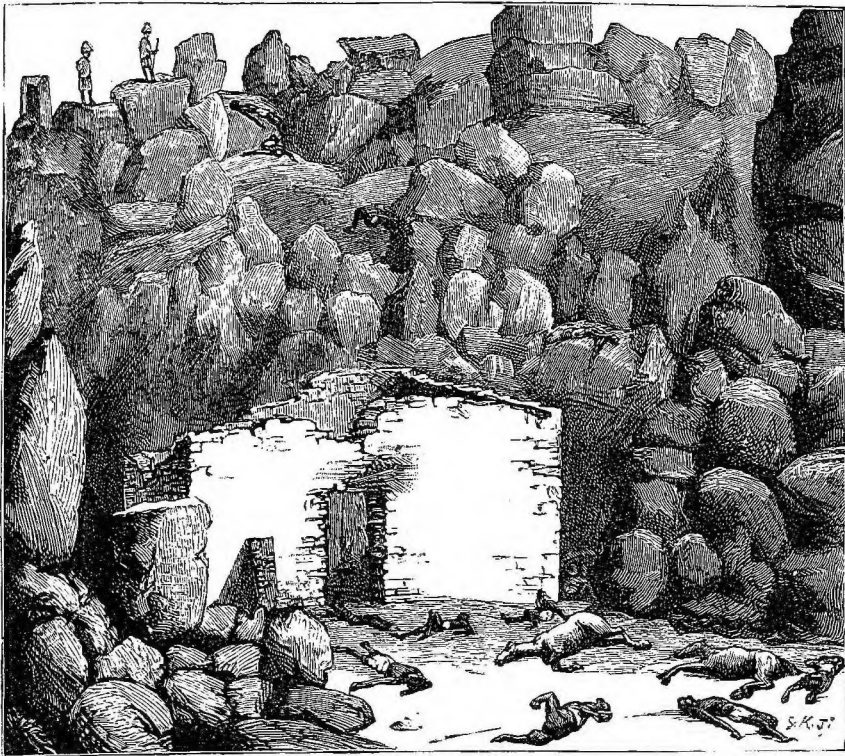
Man of the 15th Sikhs in Khaki Uniform

SOME TYPES OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT FOR THE SOUDAN

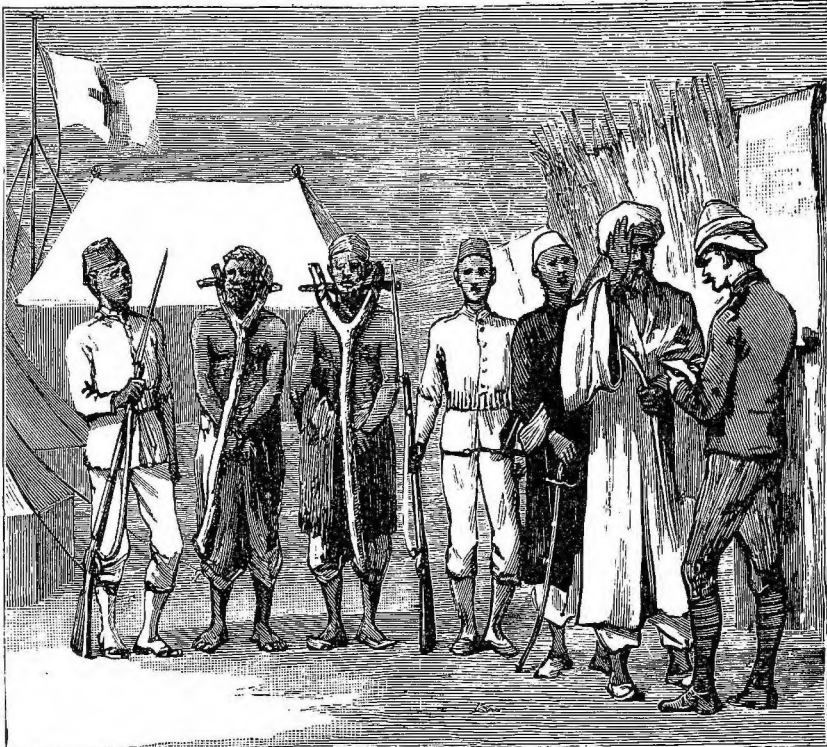


ENGLISH MOUNTED POLICE FLOGGING ONE OF A BAND OF VILLAGERS AT HELIOPOLIS FOR ASSAULTING ENGLISH SOLDIERS

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN
FROM SKETCHES BY MILITARY OFFICERS



THE HOUSE FROM WHICH WAS FIRED THE SHOT WHICH KILLED GENERAL EARLE
AT THE BATTLE OF KIRBEKAN
From a Sketch by a Military Officer



REFUGEES FROM THE MAHDI'S ARMY BEING BROUGHT BY THE KASHIF OF MERAWI
INTO THE FORT AT ABU DOM
From a Sketch by a Military Officer



MOUNTED INFANTRY SKIRMISHING AT SUAKIM
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. C. E. Fripp



MOUNTED INFANTRY AT SUAKIM PREPARING TO PICKET
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. C. E. Fripp

Zeriba, with Norton's Guns, near Fort



THE RETREAT FROM GUBAT—THE NAVAL BRIGADE CLEARING THE HILLS AT ABU KLEA
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN

TAKING THE WOUNDED TO DONGOLA

MR. F. VILLIERS writes:—"The *Yarrow* steamer has become very useful now the Nile has so rapidly fallen, for she draws, I believe, only one and a half feet of water. When the wounded arrived at Korti they were allowed a few days' rest, and they were sent down the Nile in the steamer. They seemed to enjoy the most perfect comfort on the airy decks and in the slung cots on board the *Lotos*."

A TOKEN OF RESPECT TO A BELOVED LEADER

"MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HERBERT STEWART," writes our artist, "the dashing and beloved leader of the Cavalry Brigade and Camel Corps, expired in the Bayuda Desert, one day's journey from Gakdul, the scene of the first brilliant march across the Desert. The wound he received early in the action at Metemneh, the battle of the Nile, was at first thought to be fatal, but he rallied considerably, and for some time hopes were held out of his ultimate recovery. After lingering nearly a month on board one of Gordon's steamers, he was removed with the last convoy from Gubat, and eventually died from blood poisoning, on the 18th of February. He was buried at the Gakdul Wells. The 19th Hussars arrived too late to follow their beloved leader to the grave, and therefore asked permission to show their respect by building a fence of stones round the grave. This is the third campaign in which I have been brought in contact with this gallant officer, and from him have always received the greatest consideration and attention in my profession as special artist with the forces, and when the bad news was whispered round bivouac that this brave spirit had passed away, I began to feel, like many of the sombre figures with bowed heads who were mournfully pacing the camp, that I also had lost a very dear friend."

DEPARTURE OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT FOR EGYPT

THESE sketches, by a military officer, represent some scenes at Allahabad, where the Bengal Regiment, forming part of Brigadier-General Hudson's Brigade, were concentrated prior to embarkation for Suakim:—

"The first regiment to arrive," writes the officer, "was the 17th Bengal Infantry from Benares, a capital specimen of Bengal infantry. Being under strength, after weeding out sickly men and very old soldiers, they were joined by 107 volunteers from the 39th Bengal Infantry at Cawnpore. This brought them up to full strength, viz., 832 natives of all ranks. Next came the 15th Sikhs from Lucknow; they were splendid fellows, and looked fit for any amount of hard work. They were joined by fifty odd men from the 45th (Rattray's) Sikhs to bring them up to full strength. As this detachment marched into camp they raised the old Sikh war cry. In a minute the whole of the 15th were out of their tents, and the cry was shouted from 800 throats amidst the greatest enthusiasm. Both the 45th Sikhs and 39th Bengal Infantry, when asked for volunteers, came forward to a man, which speaks well for the pluck and loyalty of the native army. On the 16th February, General Sir Frederick Roberts, Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army, on a visit to the Lieutenant-Governor North-West Provinces, inspected the 17th Bengal Infantry, being accompanied by Major-General Macpherson, commanding Allahabad Division, Brigadier-General Hudson, Lord Randolph Churchill, &c. The inspection was most satisfactory, and as the troop trains left the siding round after round of lusty cheers were given. No men could be in better spirits, and keener for the work before them."

"Each ship as it left Bombay was complete in itself—i.e., officers, men, tents, stores, baggage animals, and ammunition—as so as to be ready to take the field immediately on landing." Round the turban of the representative of the 15th Sikhs may be seen the traditional quoit, which these troops wear in readiness to heave at the enemy.

BRITISH MILITARY LAW IN EGYPT

AT the close of last month two Hussars were set upon by a mob near Heliopolis and severely beaten, and, as the Egyptian Government seems powerless to prevent such outrages, the British military authorities determined to take prompt action themselves. Thus a force of some twenty British Mounted Police were despatched to the village where the outrage took place, and, surrounding it, made the sheikh and other authorities prisoners. These gentlemen were then quietly informed by the officer in charge that if they did not at once deliver up the culprits they would be flogged at the nearest tree. This threat had the desired effect, and four culprits were given up—two fellahs, nearly white, and two Soudanese, as black as coal. The fellahs were operated upon first, and although the soldiers laid on with a right good will, they received their fifty lashes silently and like men. The Soudanese, on the contrary, howled and kicked like lunatics, calling the while on Allah to save them from the dogs of Christians. This affair caused considerable excitement, as it was the first piece of retributive justice which had taken place in Egypt. "Just at the present juncture," adds the gentleman who sends the sketch, "it is absolutely necessary to strike terror into the natives."

THE HOUSE WHENCE THE ARABS SHOT GENERAL EARLE

WE described and illustrated the Battle of Kibekkan last week, and now depict the stone hut from which the enemy fired and killed General Earle. It was situated in a narrow gorge between two high koppies, or hills of stone. The hut was afterwards burnt; and the sketch, which is by a military officer, represents it in ruins and surrounded by charred bodies of Arabs and horses. General Earle was warned by a sergeant not to approach the hut, as it was filled with the enemy, but hardly had the words been uttered than a shot stretched the General lifeless on the ground.

REFUGEES FROM THE MAHDI AT ABU DOM

THESE refugees were natives of the district round Abu Dom, or Merawi, where our present advanced posts on the Nile are placed. After the defeat of the Mahdi's Ameer, at Abu Klea, by General Stewart, on his march across the desert, these men had returned to their homes and had been made prisoners by our troops. To prevent their escape their heads had been put into forks of small trees, with a crosspiece tied on behind, so that they could not possibly slip their heads through without untying the crosspiece.

MOUNTED INFANTRY AT SUAKIM

DURING our recent campaigns in Africa that new arm of our force, Mounted Infantry, has played a very prominent part in skirmishing and scouting. Far more nimble on foot, and naturally more cognisant of infantry drill than cavalry, these mounted foot soldiers are exceedingly handy for this sort of work, and their value is becoming more and more recognised in every campaign. At Suakim they are being very largely utilised in reconnoitring and in the constant skirmishes which our troops are having with the enemy. In the battle of Hasheem also they particularly distinguished themselves,

together with the Lancers and Hussars, in charging the enemy.—Our sketches are by our special artist with Sir Gerald Graham, Mr. C. E. Fripp.

THE RETURN FROM METEMNEH—CLEARING THE HILLS AT ABU KLEA

THE return march from Metemneh was accomplished without molestation from the enemy as far as the Wells of Abu Klea, where General Buller and his force arrived on February 16th. Scarcely had the troops encamped there, however, than the Arabs appeared on the surrounding ridges, and attempted to surround our position and cut off communication with Gakdul. General Buller lost no time in preventing them executing this manoeuvre, and sent out the Royal Irish as skirmishers, while Lord Charles Beresford, who with his sailors had been put in charge of an outlying fort (Fort No. 1), peppered the enemy on the hills with his machine guns. General Buller took up his quarters for the night in this fort, and both he and Lord Charles Beresford were constantly on the alert. Indeed, it was difficult to be otherwise, as the enemy kept up a galling dropping fire, and their leaders could be heard rousing their followers, and shouting to them to keep up the firing. Next morning two of the screw guns were brought into action, and some rounds of shell and shrapnel were sent into the enemy, whose heads could be seen peeping above the little stone walls they had built on the hill sides. "As the morning wore on," writes the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, "the Gardners were turned upon the enemy, causing them to duck out of sight, like rabbits into holes, to escape the storm of lead." Our artist writes:—"This fort was manned by the Naval Brigade, and the Gardner guns being mounted did excellent work in keeping the enemy's marksmen off the hill nearest to our camp, at a range of about 1,700 yards. Norton guns being posted in the zereba near the fort also did good practice, so that the enemy's fire did not become very destructive."

THE OFFICERS' GRAVES AT KIRBEKAN

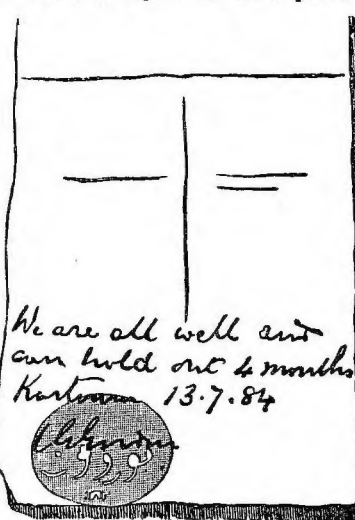
AFTER the battle on the 10th, at five o'clock in the evening, the British force assembled for the sad duty of paying their last respects at the grave of the officers who had fallen in the action—their Commander Lieut.-General Earle, Lieut.-Colonel Eyre, of the South Staffordshire Regiment; and Lieut.-Colonel Coveny, of the Black Watch.

HOUSE IN WHICH COLONEL HAMILL STEWART WAS MURDERED, AND HIS WRECKED STEAMER

THE sad story of the treacherous murder at Hebbek of Colonel Hamill Stewart and his companions, Mr. Power and M. Herbin, on their way down the Nile from Khartoum is too well known to need repetition here. On the arrival of the British troops at Hebbek under General Earle sharp vengeance was taken for the deed, the houses of the murderers and their abettors being burnt to the ground and their effects looted, numerous relics of Stewart and his companions being found amongst them. Unfortunately Suleiman Gamr and the chiefs of the Mohassir tribe had retreated northwards to Berber, so that the ringleaders of the massacre have eluded capture and well-merited punishment. One of our sketches shows the house into which Colonel Hamill Stewart was decoyed and killed, while the other depicts the steamer *Abbas*, in which the ill-fated party descended the Nile from Khartoum.

GENERAL GORDON'S LETTERS

OUR Supplement this week contains facsimiles of one of General Gordon's letters to Sir Evelyn Baring and Nubar Pasha, dated July 30th, 1884, and a portion of his diary which he forwarded to Sir Evelyn Baring, and which ranges from April 21st to April 27th, 1884. These documents were received by Sir Evelyn Baring in September last by way of Massowah and Suakim, and by him forwarded to the Government. They are both of the highest interest as they give a clear and authentic picture of life in Khartoum during the siege, and recount the means which General Gordon adopted for defending the city, and for overcoming the various financial and other difficulties as they arose. Greater proof of Gordon's devoted energy and of his faithful devotion to his trust, and at the same time of his completely independent spirit, than the utterances in these letters evince could hardly be afforded. In the same parcel that contained these missives was another letter dated July 31st, in which he declared in the concluding paragraph, "I have no wish to retain this country. My sole desire is to restore the prestige of the Government in order to get out garrisons, and put some ephemeral Government in position in order to get away." The perusal of these letters, however, can only create a strong wish to continue the story of the siege of Khartoum in the subsequent letters and diaries which have now arrived in this country, and in which the last stages of the gallant struggle which General Gordon to the last sustained against the overwhelming forces of the Mahdi, and the treachery of his own officers, are detailed, though scarcely, we fear, in the hopeful tone which pervades the letters now before us.



words. The letter in question was one of five received by Major Kitchener by separate messengers on August 28th, 1884.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE (INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS)

THE development of instantaneous photography during the last few years has furnished us with many vivid scenes, especially in the domain of our sports and pastimes; and the River Thames has been a favourite field for artists in this direction. The instantaneous views of various phases of the Henley Regatta are well known to boating men and water picnickers; and those of the inter-University boat race, by Wratten and Wainwright, 38, Great Queen Street, W.C., which we reproduce to-day, are admirable examples of the photographer's art. Of late years order has been better kept on the river by the Thames Conservancy authorities than

it was some decades ago, and small boats as a rule obey the mandate implied by the advent of the official steam-launch, "Clearing the Course," though, like the inevitable "Derby dog," there is always to be seen one or more which for some mysterious reason will cross the track just at the last moment. "The Race," as seen from Barnes Railway Bridge—one of the best coigns of vantage along the course, to which the London and South-Western Railway run a capital service of trains from Waterloo—is well shown in the instantaneous photograph with the four steamers—the "Umpire," the "Press," the "Oxford," and the "Cambridge"—which are alone permitted to accompany the boats closely; an arrangement made probably only just in time to prevent some fearful catastrophe which must have resulted had not the old practice been forbidden of allowing any number to race together helter-skelter after the crews. As it is, there is no slight number of "Steamers Following," as shown in the third photograph, which "wire in" promiscuously, though at a more or less respectful distance after the official boats, much to the danger of one another and of the adventurous small rowing craft which throng the river. It is indeed a matter of wonder how few serious accidents have occurred on these occasions.

Though there has not been so much fuss made about the annual race between the Universities for the last five or six years as there was during the previous decade or so, and the bebluening of everything and everybody is not now carried to the foolish extreme it was formerly, the popularity of the anniversary has not perhaps diminished, especially among the "sons of toil," who continue alive to the importance of impressing their employers with the idea that the Boat Race day is a prescriptive Metropolitan Holiday, or at least half a one. Nor, again, is there any decrease of the interest taken in the annual contest by old and present University men, or by rowing men generally, critics being apparently as eager as ever to discuss the merits of the crews and all the technicalities of the rowing art. Thus we shall probably see on the river and by the river-side on the present anniversary as large a crowd as ever, unless the recent snow-fall and the still bitterly cold air deter a large contingent, in the fear of a repetition of the painful meteorological surroundings of the race some fourteen years ago, when a blinding storm of snow and sleet accompanied the race from start to finish.

When the crews left their own home waters, there can be little doubt but that the Cambridge men were superior to their rivals, and, as a whole, were probably far above the average of University oarsmen; but the practice on the reaches between Cookham and Marlow showed a gradual improvement in the Dark Blues, an exceptionally powerful set of men, and an absence of it, if not an actual deterioration, in the Light. Matters did not alter much after the arrival of both on the London waters; and now that a mishap has befallen one of the Cambridge men, which has necessitated the use of a substitute, Oxford, at the time of making these notes, is a 2 to 1 favourite, and probably will start at about these odds. We do not venture to make any prophecy as to the result, further than saying that it usually happens that in a fair and square rowing contest the favourite almost invariably wins.

A CONVOY OF CAMELS AT BALA MURGHAB

THIS engraving is from a sketch by Sergeant R. E. Galindo, 8th Hussars, an officer of the Intelligence Department of the Afghan Frontier Commission. It represents the arrival at Bala Murghab, from Herat, of a convoy of camels with supplies. They have to ford the river just below the British camp, a proceeding which is always attended with a good deal of shouting and noise. The water is not deep, but it is difficult to get them up the slope of the river bank, which is trampled into slippery mud. The camel is a very helpless animal on slippery ground, and a severe struggle, with many falls, always occurs before the top of the bank is reached. The peculiar form of the distant hills lend a striking feature to this scene.

AMONG THE TURKOMANS

AND

MEETING OF THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE

See page 312.

"BOOTLES' BABY"

A NOVELLETTE by J. S. Winter, illustrated by W. Ralston, begins on page 317.

PILGRIMAGE AT NICE ON ANNUNCIATION DAY

THE festival of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary (March 25th) is in this country commonly called Lady Day, an abridgment of the old term Our Lady's Day. In this Protestant country it is chiefly remembered as one of the quarter days of the year, when rent is due from tenants to landlords, but in Roman Catholic countries it is kept as a high festival, and innumerable honours and decorations are offered to the Mother of Christ.

At the village of Cimiez, near Nice, a curious ceremony takes place on Lady Day. The neighbouring peasants assemble there to sell their gourds, which they gathered in August and dried during the winter. And besides this, the Penitents of Nice, in robes of various colours—red, blue, white, and black—march in procession to the church at Cimiez. These Penitents form an association which date at least as far back as the 13th century. Before the annexation they used to attend public executions, and afterwards superintended the burials of the executed persons. This function has now become obsolete, because in France the capital punishment and subsequent burial of malefactors takes place in the public prisons.

The engraving represents the Red Penitents. The women, who are always dressed in white, are often the wives of the male members of the association.

On these occasions there is a large number of spectators, who regard the procession as one of the excitements of a public holiday. They sit on the grass and eat slices of meat and hard-boiled eggs, and drink some tolerable wine as a beverage.

LONDON MORTALITY remains the same as last week, and 1,678 deaths were registered, being 145 below the average, and at the rate of 21.4 per 1,000. These deaths included 19 from small-pox (a fall of 3, and 8 below the average), 53 from measles (an increase of 2), 16 from scarlet fever (a rise of 9), 20 from diphtheria (an increase of 12), 45 from whooping-cough (a decline of 4), 13 from enteric fever (a rise of 5), 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 2), and not one from typhus or cholera. The Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals contained 830 small-pox patients at the end of last week, against 898 the previous week. The admissions, however, rose to 137 last week, from 94 and 104 the two previous weeks. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 487, being 3 above the average. Different forms of violence caused 56 deaths; 44 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 22 from fractures and contusions, 7 from burns and scalds, 3 from drowning, and 10 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Eleven cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,675 births registered, against 2,737 the previous week, being 203 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 41.9 deg., and 0.5 deg. below the average. Rain fell to the aggregate amount of 0.05 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 29.7 hours, against 28.1 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.



AT A MEETING OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY this week, M. Lassar, the well-known member of the Russian Commission for the delimitation of the Afghan frontier, joined in the discussion which followed the reading by General Walker, late Surveyor-General of India, of a paper on the claims of the Ameer to the lands north of Herat, communicated by Major Holdich, R.E., at present attached to the British Commission under Sir Peter Lumsden. M. Lassar closed his remarks with the somewhat ominous intimation that no peaceful solution of the politico-geographical difficulty could be arrived at unless the new Russian frontier line were made to include Penjeh, which is not only claimed but is now occupied in force by the Afghans.

INDICATIONS continue to be given that the naval and military authorities are preparing for warlike eventualities. Orders have been received at Devonport to make ready as quickly as possible for immediate despatch on active service all the ships of war in the port available for that purpose. At Portsmouth ten more gunboats have been provisioned for service, and fourteen ships in the First Reserve are being coaled. An Admiralty order has for the time being withdrawn the privilege enjoyed by naval Blue-jackets of being allowed to purchase their discharge. Additional batteries and companies are to be added to a large number of Volunteer Artillery and Rifle Corps, and a sanction has been given to the formation of a new Volunteer Corps, 400 strong, which is to be designated "The Volunteer Medical Staff Corps," and provision for the establishment of which has been made in the estimates for the ensuing financial year.

THE NATIONAL GORDON MEMORIAL FUND had reached 10,600*l.* early in the present week. At a meeting of the Building Committee on Tuesday, presided over by Lord Napier of Magdala, arrangements were made for exhaustive inquiries on the spot as to the suitability of Port Said and of the proposed site for the contemplated hospital there. Until the reports have been received, no money will be spent on that object.

IT IS STATED that the first five volumes of General Gordon's diary arrived in London on Tuesday. The sixth and concluding volume was received some weeks ago.

MR. GLADSTONE has made to the Town Council of Edinburgh the offer, which has been gratefully received, and will of course be formally accepted, to undertake the restoration of the old Mercat Cross of Edinburgh, which was erected in 1617, and the imperfect remains of which are now railed in under the shadow of St. Giles's Cathedral.

MR. E. J. PHELPS, of Vermont, U.S., known only as a prominent lawyer in that State, and as an active Democratic politician, is to succeed Mr. J. Russell Lowell as American Minister in London. Mr. Lowell's many English friends and admirers are indulging in the hope that, in accordance with an intimation made some time ago, he may remain and even settle in England.

THERE HAS BEEN CHRONICLED IN THIS COLUMN from time to time the formation of societies to stimulate the diffusion of geographical information in this, the greatest of commercial countries. It seems as if certain of our high officials would be the better for a little "coaching" in the geography of our Colonial Empire. At a banquet given this week to Sir Napier Broome, Governor of Western Australia, he stated "on good authority" that the Lords of the Admiralty were in the habit of directing their officers to proceed to Perth, an inland town of that colony, while a scientific expedition arrived to explore the country about Exmouth Gulf, which was, he said, quite as well known as Margate.

THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN, it will be remembered, declared it to be his intention to have the Royal flag at the Mansion House hauled down during the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales. He afterwards withdrew the threat, and the disloyal statements with which he had accompanied it. Some Dublin loyalists, however, supposed to be medical students, have resolved to put it out of his power to revert to the execution of the original menace. They have taken away the flag, not, it is understood, with the view of retaining possession of it, but simply to place it among the emblems of loyalty to be displayed during the Royal visit, after which it is to be returned. Meanwhile a new flag has been hoisted at the Mansion House.

BARON FERDINAND DE ROTHSCHILD presided, and the Princess Louise and Mrs. Gladstone were, with some prominent philanthropists, among those present at the usual free breakfast given on Tuesday at the Mission Hall of the London Congregational Union to the unemployed of the metropolis, consisting chiefly of men who had applied unsuccessfully for work at the London Docks. The chairman dwelt strongly on the advantage of emigration, and made the reassuring statement that those philanthropists at home who were occupied in the arrangements for emigration in connection with the authorities of our colonies said distinctly that when emigrants arrived at those distant shores they would at once find permanent employment.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the National Lifeboat Institution, the Duke of Northumberland presided, and Sir Stafford Northcote spoke in support of the claims of that beneficent organisation. The report stated that during the past year twenty-eight new lifeboats had been sent to the coast, ten of which were for new stations, and 633 lives had been saved by the boats of the institution alone.

MR. WILLIAM PEEL, the eldest son of the Speaker, has carried off at Harrow the Peel medal, which was founded by his grandfather, the statesman, in 1826, for the best Latin essay. The late Sir Robert Peel was educated at Harrow, where he was a contemporary of Lord Byron.

THE DEATH IS ANNOUNCED OF SIR HARRY PARKES, British Minister at Peking, at a time when his diplomatic ability and almost unique experience of China make his loss very deeply felt. A Staffordshire man, born in 1828, at the age of twenty-five he entered the Civil Service, and became Chinese interpreter to Sir Henry Pottinger, who negotiated the Treaty of Nanking, and at several Chinese ports to Consul, now Sir Rutherford, Alcock. While serving under the latter he showed great personal courage when assailed by Chinese mobs, and in 1856 he succeeded Mr. Alcock as Consul at Canton. He played a prominent part in the controversy with Commissioner Yeh in the affair of the *lorcha Arrow*, which led to a war with China; and to him was due the capture of Yeh, who nearly escaped after the British occupation of Canton. In the Chinese war of 1859, while on a mission from the British general to the Chinese authorities, he was treacherously seized, and kept a prisoner with Mr. Lock and Captain Brabazon, and others, refusing, be it remembered to his honour, the separate release offered him by the Chinese unless it was extended to those of his companions who had not succumbed to the cruelties inflicted on them by their captors. In 1865 he was appointed Minister at Yeddo, and in 1883 he was transferred in the same capacity to Peking.

OUR OBITUARY also includes the death, in his seventy-eighth year, of Dr. Wordsworth, late Bishop of Lincoln; in his eighty-first

year, of Mr. Darby Griffith, who from 1857 to 1868 represented Devises in the House of Commons as an independent and somewhat eccentric Conservative, whose racy and humorous speeches were listened to with amused attention; at the advanced age of ninety-seven, of the Rev. James White, brother of the poet Henry Kirke White, whom he survived for seventy-eight years; of the Rev. H. G. de Bunsen, son of the famous Baron Bunsen, who, educated at Rugby and Oriel College, Oxford, entered the English Church, becoming successively Vicar of Lilleshall, Shropshire, Rector of Donington, Wolverhampton, and in 1869 a Prebendary of Lichfield; in his eighty-sixth year, of Mr. J. R. Young, formerly Professor of Mathematics in Belfast College, author of many valuable mathematical works, and of two others, written to further the reconciliation of Science, Scripture, and Religion; of Mr. T. F. Reade, late Consul-General at Tunis, a post for many years filled by his father, Sir Thomas Reade; of Mr. James W. Davison, of whom a brief memoir is given in our Musical Notes; and, at the advanced age of eighty-eight, of Sir Thomas Bazley, formerly the proprietor of one of the largest fine-cotton spinning concerns in the Kingdom, and for fifteen years President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, a Liberal politician, and a very active promoter of the Anti-Corn Law League, and of the industrial and social interests of Lancashire. He represented Manchester in the House of Commons from 1859 until 1880, when he retired from public life, having been created a baronet in 1869. Sir Thomas Bazley contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" an elaborate account of Manchester.



THE TURF.—The flat-racing season commenced at Lincoln on Tuesday last in more favourable weather than might have been anticipated; and an enormous attendance, large and good fields of horses, and the course in excellent order, with additions and improvements as to its surroundings, rendered the meeting an unqualified success. The Two-Year-Old Brocklesby Stakes, which generally produces a youngster of mark, produced sixteen runners, and backers managed to find the winner in The Bard, a heavily-engaged colt by Petrarch, belonging to Mr. R. Peck; and, indeed, "the talent" was wonderfully successful in picking the winners for five out of seven races on the first day. It did well again on the third day, and the selections for the Lincolnshire Handicap were wonderfully good, as out of the six first favourites at starting in a field of twenty-one horses, three got "places," Bendigo, the winner, being most in demand, and MacMahon, who ran third, being second favourite. Bird of Freedom, who split the two, performed well as a three-year-old with 6st. 1 lb. on his back, the last winner of the race of that age being Tomahawk in 1874, carrying 6st. 4 lbs. Bendigo, it will be remembered, won the Cambridgeshire in 1883, and was second for it last year.

FOOTBALL.—Two so-called International Association matches have been played since our last notes, the one at the Oval between England and Scotland, which ended in a draw, and the other on Wrexham race-course between Scotland and Wales, which resulted in a very easy victory for Scotland. The Oval match was splendidly contested, and each side could only score a goal against their opponents. Among the players there were ten chosen from the three clubs left in for the Association Cup, Queen's Park supplying six of the Scotch Eleven, and the Blackburn Rovers three of the English, and Notts Forest one.—After the Boat Race on Saturday, the Oval will doubtless attract a large number of old public school and University men to see the Association match between the Old Etonians and Old Harrovians.—At a general meeting of the Football Association, on Monday last, at Anderson's Hotel, Fleet Street, the question of "legalising professionalism" was again discussed, but a formal proposition in favour of the expediency of so doing did not obtain the requisite majority of two-thirds. A sub-committee, however, was appointed to consider the matter, and it is expected that the Association will act on its report if in favour of the recognition of professionalism.

COURSING.—It will be remembered that Mr. Mayer's Mineral Water, who won the Waterloo Cup last year, started first favourite for the event last month, and was beaten in his first course by an animal of no great pretensions. Mineral Water has now won the Gosforth Gold Cup in a field of 128 competitors with the greatest ease. The feelings of his supporters at Altcar can now be better imagined than described. Long odds were obtainable against him on the evening of the draw for the Gosforth trophy.

AQUATICS.—A few remarks on the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race will be found in another column in reference to some instantaneous photographs of a former contest. Oxford still continues a strong favourite.

ANGLING.—At Pebley Pond, near Barlborough, Mr. Goddard hooked a fine jack about four pounds in weight. Before securing him, however, a finely-fed pike, ten pounds in weight, attacked the jack, and after a little expert handling, both fish were safely landed.—The Duke of Athole the other day landed a 24 lb. salmon at Kilwin. With the exception of a 25 lb. fish taken by Captain Whitmore this is the largest salmon we have heard of as taken in this water.

LACROSSE.—Leys School, which holds high rank in almost all departments of athletics, has beaten London in the final game for the South of England Challenge Flags.—North and South will antagonise on Saturday, on the Rectory Field, Blackheath, at half-past three.

ATHLETICS.—The Inter-University sports were to take place at Lillie Bridge on Friday (yesterday). The general impression is that Cambridge will win the odd event, though two or three of their reliable men are *hors de combat*.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Another Six Days' Tournament is announced to take place at the Westminster Aquarium, beginning on the 27th of next month.

A RELIC OF OLD LONDON, Lord Carrington's house at Whitehall, will shortly undergo a curious experiment. The site is needed for other purposes, but the authorities are unwilling to destroy a house containing such beautiful rooms and so many historical associations. So the building is to be removed intact to another site—this being the first time such an attempt has ever been made in London.

ALPINE CLIMBING.—Mr. W. W. Graham, of Himalaya fame, writes, with reference to a paragraph reproduced from the *Inde-pendence Belge*, which appeared last week in "Scraps," "I have not, nor have had, any intention of repeating my Himalayan trip, and Mr. Boss (who, by the way, is *not* a guide) was meditating another journey, but has abandoned the idea. The tating of engaging fifteen guides, when three would be more than sufficient, would never have occurred to me, and generally the circumstantial details are unfounded. Lastly, on our recent ascent of the Jungfrau, I am happy to say that only *one*, not *several*, of the guides was frostbitten."



THE GAINSBOROUGH EXHIBITION AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY was open on Sunday to the members of the Sunday Society. During the afternoon 923 persons visited the collection.

THE PICTURES SENT INTO THE PARIS SALON number 7,200, but are 500 fewer than last year. There is an unusually large proportion of huge canvases, and the jury is now hard at work.

A MAY-DAY HORSE PARADE FOR LONDON on the same plan as those organised in the provinces is being advocated. The Victoria Embankment would, it is suggested, form a capital ground for an experimental procession.

"H.M.S. PINAFORE" has been translated into German, and is now being played in that language at Philadelphia, with the announcement that "the dialogue has been greatly improved." Complimentary to Mr. Gilbert!

THE BLENHEIM RAPHAEL AND VANDYCK bought by the nation have now been hung in the National Gallery—the Madonna on a screen in the centre of the large room, and the portrait of Charles I. in the adjoining gallery.

THE END OF THE WORLD has been fixed for the 19th of next May by a Transatlantic sect, the New Hampshire Adventists. Such prophecies of late years have been decidedly frequent in the States, and still find fervent believers who live in dread till the date is safely passed.

A NEW ACCOMPANIMENT TO AFTERNOON TEA may be suggested to fashionable hostesses—roast salted almonds, which are said to greatly improve the flavour of tea. Across the Atlantic no five o'clock tea table is considered complete without its dish of almonds, the tea being drunk without milk or sugar.

A GRAND INTERNATIONAL FINE ART EXHIBITION will be held at Berlin from May to September, next year, to commemorate the centennial of the first Art Exhibition in the German capital. Besides modern works there will be a retrospective collection of the masterpieces of the century, and a display of decorative art industries, both contemporary and historical.

AMERICAN CHURCH FESTIVALS seem to adopt rather singular means of raising the wind. The latest idea in these gatherings is a "Mum Social," apparently somewhat after the style of a Quakers' meeting—where the first person who speaks pays 4*s.* fine, all those who speak afterwards pay 1*s.* and those who hold their tongues throughout are rewarded with free refreshments at the close. Truly a very "social" entertainment. Near Boston "Baked Beans Socials" prevail, where the members feast upon that peculiarly New England delicacy.

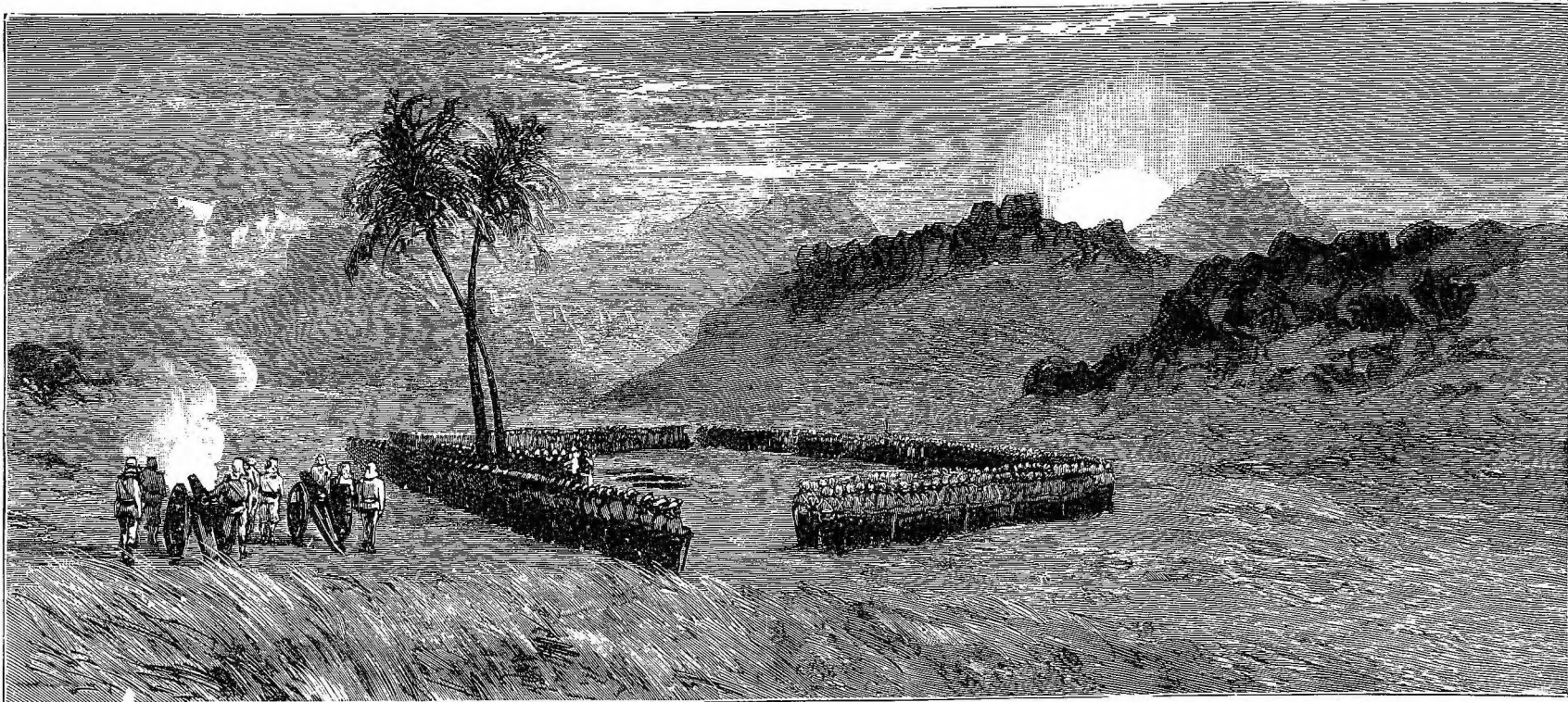
A HIGHLY INTERESTING ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION has been opened at the Paris Observatory for a week. Comparatively few novelties are displayed, as it is only a short time since the last Electrical Exhibition in Paris, but the collection well shows how the different systems have been perfected, particularly in the branches of incandescent lighting, railway signals, and the postal service. Electric jewels sparkle brilliantly, and one of the most curious applications of electricity—only visible, however, to a few favoured scientists, and not to the general public—is to the purpose of determining the presence and the nature of poison administered to animals.

BARK BONNETS are to be the great novelty of Parisian Spring fashions. The milliners have taken a hint from the American Indians, who can make all kinds of pretty things out of bark, worked with porcupine quills; but in this case appropriate wild fruits and berries will be the trimmings. Another remarkable head-dress will be shaped like a classical helmet, made in gold and silver stuff, with a martial plume of feathers. For the coming Horse Show, ladies' dresses will be embroidered with tiny jockeys, hunting scenes, and steeple-chases, while more sober minds will array themselves in rich quiet hues, as "beet-root," "old oak," and "Chinese porcelain"—the last a quaint Oriental mixture of dark blue, coral, green, and old gold.

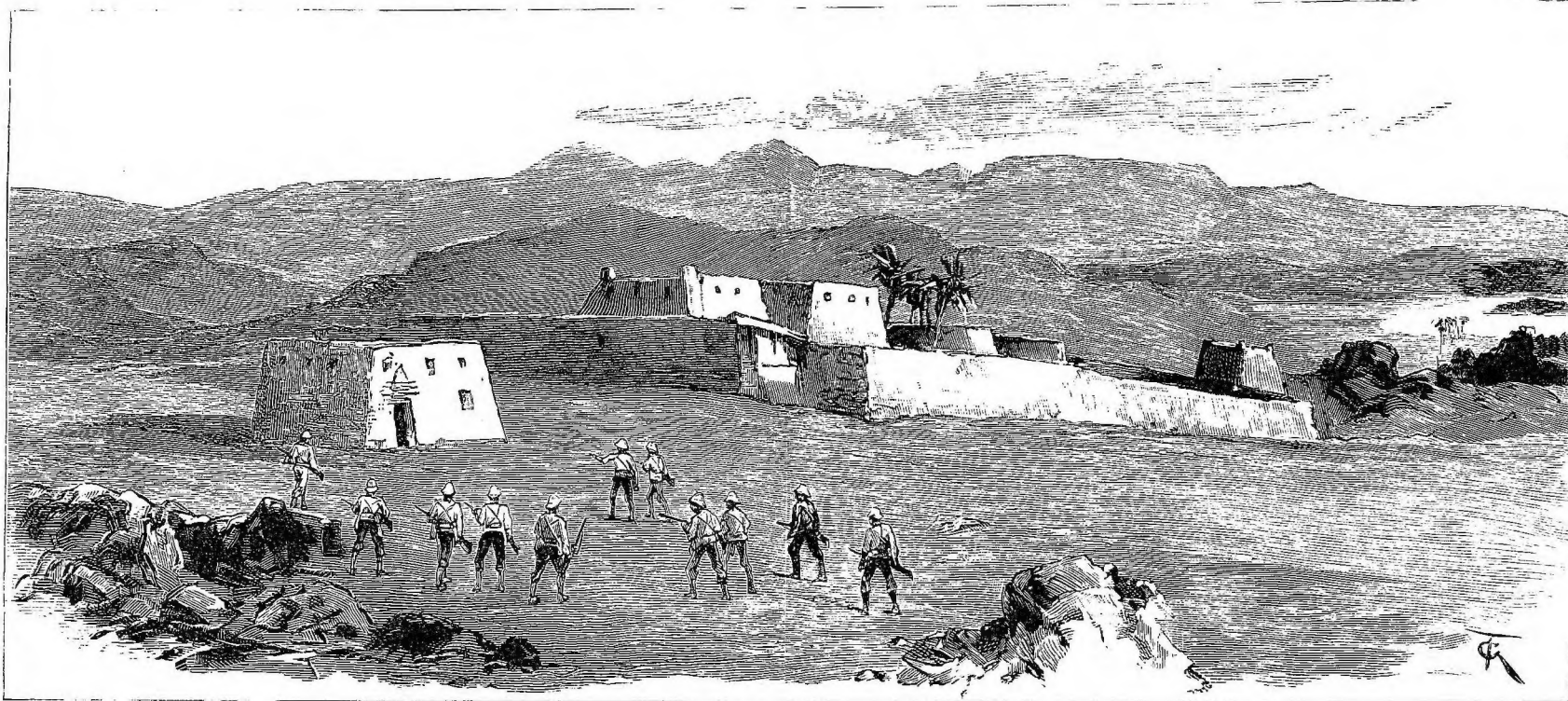
NEARLY EIGHT HUNDRED LIVES WERE SAVED ON OUR COASTS, by means of the National Lifeboat Institution during the past year. On 252 occasions lifeboats went out in terrible weather and rescued 633 persons and eighteen vessels, the rest of the lives being saved by shore-lines, &c. Since the Institution was first established sixty-one years ago, it has saved 31,255 lives—a yearly average of over 500. Last year twenty-eight new lifeboats were issued, the largest number in one twelvemonth for twenty years, and now twenty-five fresh similar vessels are being prepared. Yet the Institution must curtail its work if more help is not forthcoming, as the receipts do not equal the expenses; and surely English people, who are such a travelling nation, will not grudge aid to protect those "who go down to the sea in ships."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S INAUGURATION BALL was a marvellous display of floral ingenuity. His reception-room was mad, into a perfect bower with palms from Savannah, thousands of roses, and yards of simalax garlands, while huge emblematic set-pieces of natural flowers decorated the walls. Thus the *New York Herald* tells us that a huge floral safe symbolised the Treasury; two crossed cannons and a full-rigged man-of-war the Army and Navy; the stump of a tree with an axe imbedded, and at its base a plough, scythe, and sheaf of wheat, represented the Interior Department; while Justice displayed the scales and a desk and open book, and the Post Office showed a mail-bag and an envelope addressed to the new President, all these elaborate devices being made upon wire, and then covered with real flowers. The President himself stood under the canopy of a floral horse-shoe, and even the chair behind him was for ornament and not use, being also composed of natural blossoms.

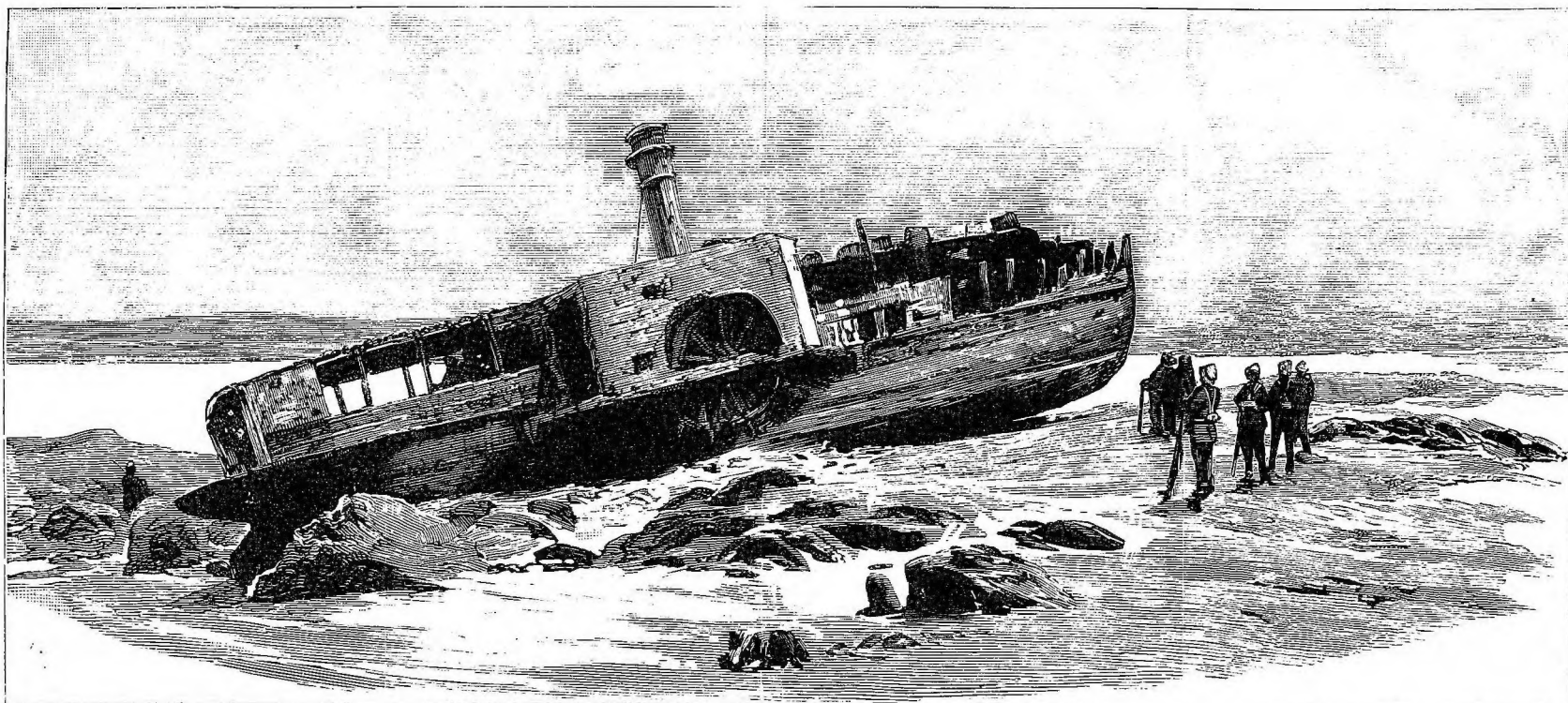
THE CELEBRATION OF PRINCE BISMARCK'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY next Wednesday is being organised with extraordinary enthusiasm in Germany. Presents of all kinds will rain in upon him, varying from the offering of the inhabitants of Miesbach in the Bavarian Alps of six cows of pure Simmenthal breed, presented by a delegate in national costume, to a gift from a friendly diplomatist of nine folio volumes, containing every article on the Chancellor published in Russian journals. Query whether the latter will always be agreeable reading to Prince Bismarck. Meanwhile a large portion of the Bismarck Presentation Fund, raised by public subscription will, as we mention elsewhere, be spent in purchasing back the old family estate of Schönhausen, where the Prince was born and spent his young days. Fifteen years ago Prince Bismarck tried to buy this estate, but so exorbitant a price was asked that he declared that to give it was against his conscience and beyond his means. Amongst other marks of homage the young Bookmakers' Association will hold a Bismarck Exhibition in Berlin, containing publications, pictures, busts, and any relics connected with the Prince, who will lend several portraits, especially one sketch of himself as a pupil at the Plamann Gymnasium in the Wilhelm Strasse. As to the grand torchlight procession, it will take an hour and a half to pass a given point, and will be attended by all the Guards' bands, at the Emperor's command. One allegorical car will display representatives of every contingent in the German army, another female figures symbolising every state of the Empire, and a third will carry a group of Cameroon negroes.



THE BURIAL OF GENERAL EARLE AND COLONELS COVENY AND EYRE, KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF KIRBEKAN, FEB. 10



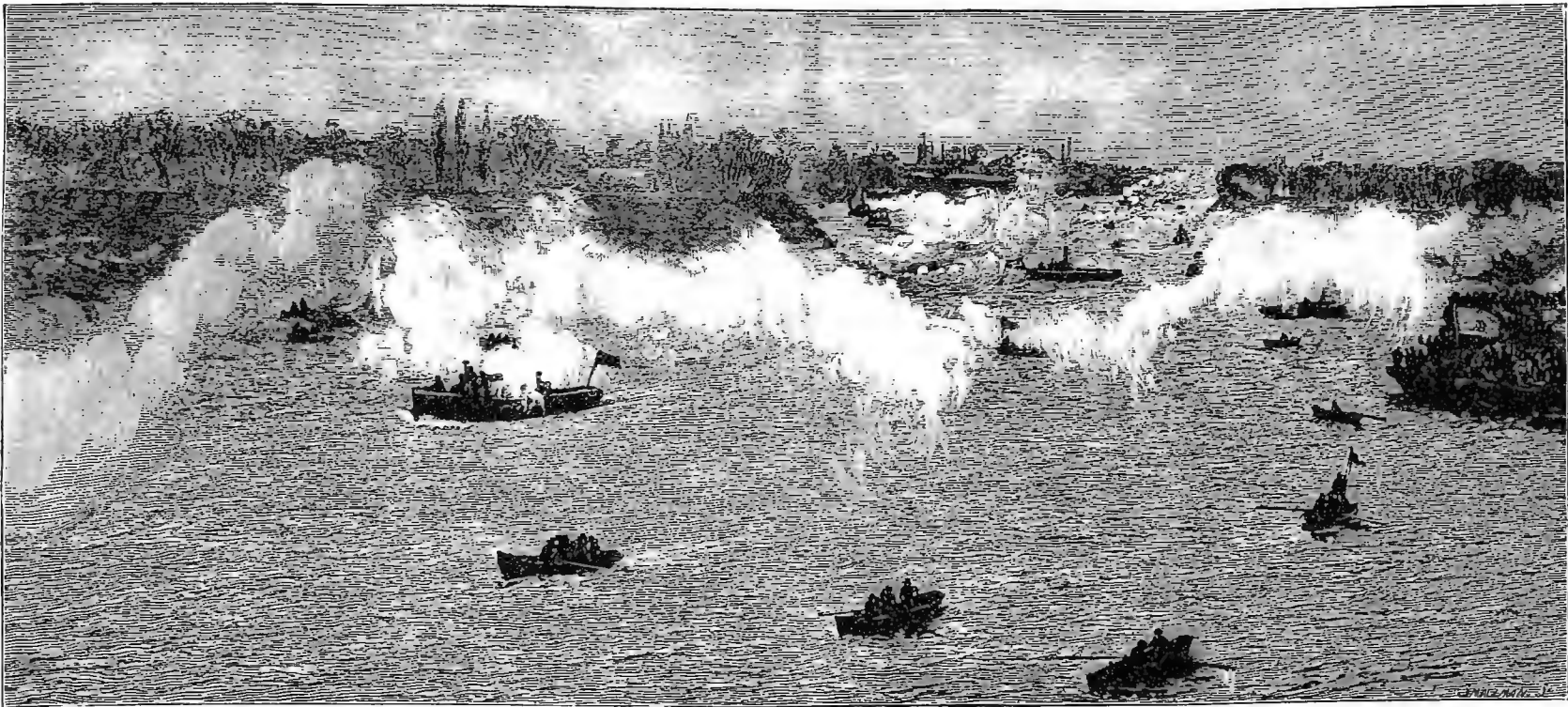
THE HOUSE IN WHICH COLONEL HAMILL STEWART WAS MURDERED, AT HEBBEH ON THE NILE



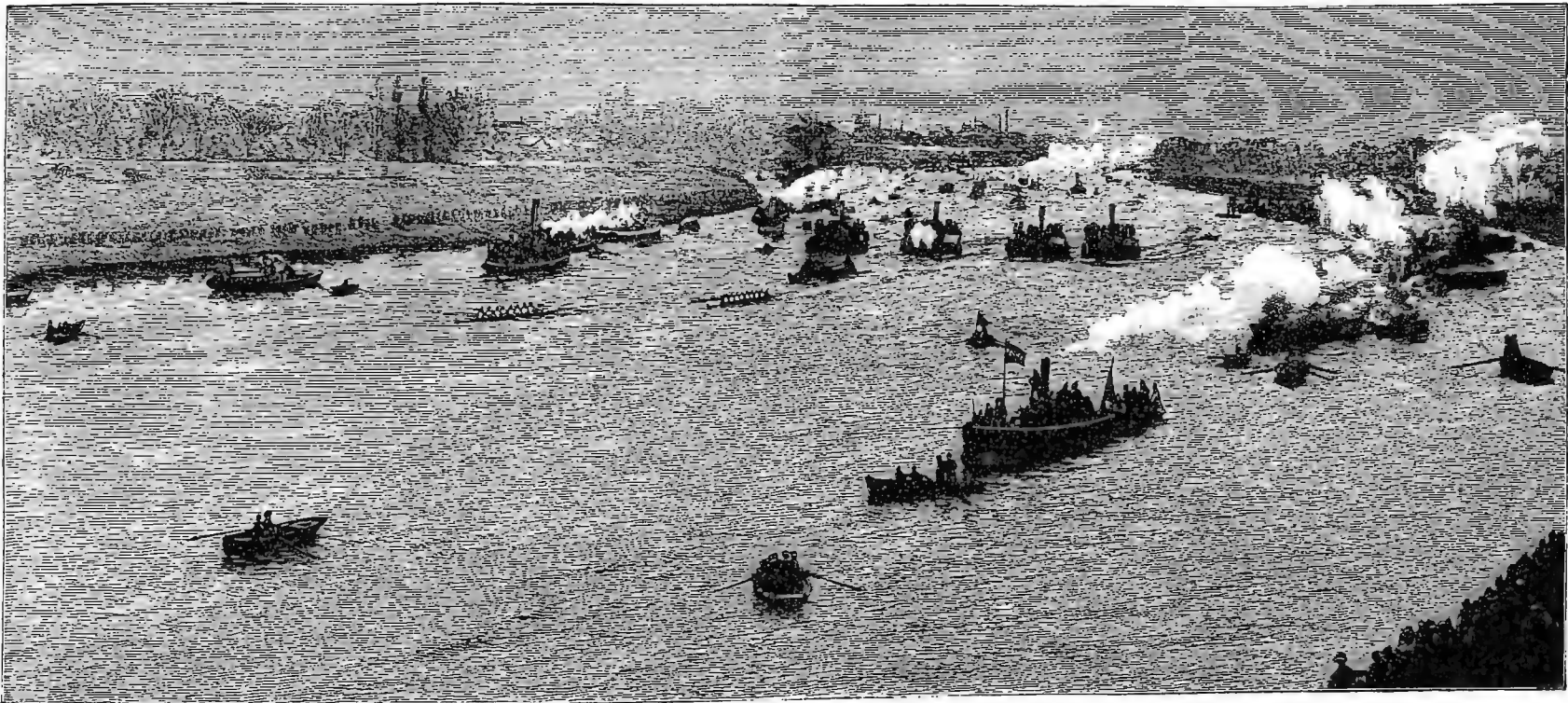
THE LATE COLONEL HAMILL STEWART'S WRECKED STEAMER "ABBAS," AS SEEN FEB. 20

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN

FROM SKETCHES BY MILITARY OFFICERS



CLEARING THE COURSE



THE RACE



STEAMERS FOLLOWING
THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE
FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN LAST YEAR



THERE has been some very severe fighting in the SOUDAN this week, the Arabs having opposed General Graham's forward advance with that tenacity and audacious courage which so distinguished them last year, and which has inflicted heavy losses on our troops. General Graham having made a reconnaissance to Hasheen on Thursday week, advanced in that direction the following morning with the whole of his force, except the Shropshire Regiment, which was left in charge of Suakim. General Graham's first step was to occupy and fortify an old zeriba in a sheltered position between two hills. He then advanced through a pass into a wide plain surrounded by hills, and in the midst of which stands Hasheen village. The Indians formed the vanguard, the Guards marching in square in the rear. The enemy at first retired before our fire, and it seemed as though the hills would be cleared without any noteworthy resistance. Suddenly a detachment of Arabs made a stand as they were being charged by the Bengal Lancers, some throwing themselves on the ground and hamstringing the horses as they came on, and others succeeding in getting to the rear of the squadron. The Lancers were thus thrown into confusion, and were compelled to fall back upon the Guards' square, the enemy now in force following them. The Guards received the Arabs with a most withering fire, but in order to give the Bengalese an opportunity for reforming, slowly retired, the enemy being eventually driven back by our fire and the shells from the camp artillery. Another sharp engagement was also taking place on our right, where the enemy was dispersed by a splendid charge of the 5th Lancers, 20th Hussars, Mounted Infantry, and a troop of Indian Lancers, who completely decimated their opponents. In the afternoon, leaving the 70th Regiment to garrison the zeriba and redoubts, General Graham marched back to Suakim. Our loss in the battle amounted to one officer, Captain Dalison, of the Scots Guards, and eight non-commissioned officers and men killed, and five officers (one, Surgeon I. R. Lane, has since died), and thirty-six non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

On Saturday the troops were rested, but on Sunday morning the troops again marched out, this time under the command of Sir John M'Neill, and in the direction of Tamai, with the intention of establishing two zeribas, one at five and another at eight miles from Suakim. The force comprised the Berkshire Regiment, the Marines and Naval Brigade, with Gardners, and the Indian Infantry and the 20th Hussars. After marching about six miles, however, the camels broke down, and it was decided to construct a zeriba at the spot where the troops had halted. A chain of three zeribas, with corner redoubts, was at once formed, the advanced zeriba containing the Berkshire men, the middle the Indian, and the rear the Marines. The men had lunched, and the Indians, with the transport camels, were preparing to return to Suakim, when the cavalry scouts rushed in with the news that the enemy, who hitherto had shown no sign of existence, were close upon the zeriba. In a moment the Arabs sprung as though by magic out of the thick bush, forced the transport animals into the zeriba, and for some time our men, who had been quietly working at the entrenchments, were thrown into confusion, and an indiscriminate hand-to-hand fight ensued. The troops, however, behaved magnificently. Men of the Berkshire Regiment, Marines, Indians, and Blue Jackets were all mingled together, fighting with desperate tenacity. "For half an hour," writes the *Times* correspondent, "the fire, the din, and the confusion were terrific, and none but steady troops could have stood the fearful tension of the moment." Gradually, however, the troops took up their positions, and poured a deadly fire upon the enemy, the Gardner guns were brought into play, and the Arabs, driven from the zeriba, vanished amongst the bushes and behind the hills. The damage done to the transport material was enormous, more than 700 camels and numerous mules being hamstringed, while the camp followers suffered terribly. Our loss was very severe, six officers, Major von Beverhondt (Indian Contingent), Captain Romilly, R.E., Lieutenants Newman, R.E., Swinton (Berkshire), and Seymour, R.N., and Quartermaster C. Eastmead being killed, together with ninety-four men. Six officers and 136 men were wounded, and one officer and some fifty men are missing. The enemy's loss was estimated at 3,000, Faggash, one of Osman Digma's best chiefs, being amongst the killed. On the news of the fighting reaching Suakim the Guards were despatched as reinforcements, but recalled on General M'Neill's telegraphing that all was well, detachments of the Coldstreams and Scots, however, being subsequently sent to the zeriba. No further attack was made that evening, and the next day was occupied in removing the dead bodies of the men and animals, as the surrounding air was being rendered fearfully foul. Amongst the enemy's dead were found thirty-seven women and numbers of boys. The wounded refused to receive quarter, and tried to stab our soldiers in their attempts to succour them.

On Tuesday a convoy in charge of the Sikhs and Lancers was sent to the zeriba. The Coldstreams and Marines met them half-way, and took charge of the convoy. On their return the Arabs kept up a running fire at the troops on their march, killing one man and wounding two officers and fourteen men. The Indian Sappers on the same day constructed a second zeriba nearer Suakim, and set to work to make a military road. The bushes are also now being cleared away, so that the enemy will not be able to find cover. On Wednesday the Coldstreams and the Scots Guards were moved to another zeriba nearer Tamai, and another convoy of provisions and water was despatched from Suakim, no attack being made. A captive balloon was also sent to the zeriba, and was at once sent up with Major Templer for reconnoitring purposes. The garrison on the Hasheen redoubts was called back to Suakim, where the camp was struck, the head-quarters moved forward two miles, and everything held in readiness for an advance in force upon Tamai, where within the next day or so an action will probably be fought on the old battle-ground of last year. The railway has been actively pushed forward, and now extends to the camp outside Suakim.

From Korti there is little news. Lord Wolseley, having visited the advanced posts at Merawi and Abu Dom, has now gone down the river to Dongola, where he will have his headquarters for the next few months. Further stories of discontent amongst the Mahdi's followers are coming to hand, and it is stated that a holy man from Darfour, named El Sanoosi, has denounced the Mahdi Mahomed Achmet as a false prophet, and declared himself to be the true Mahdi. The previous accounts of Gordon's death are now confirmed, as also the fact that very little treasure was found at Khartoum. The Mahdi's followers find some difficulty in obtaining purchasers for their prisoners, and a female slave now sells for 16*l*.

Our differences with RUSSIA in CENTRAL ASIA still remain in the same critical condition, and the chances of a settlement have not apparently increased during the week. The muzzled Press of St. Petersburg continue to gird at England and the English, and to claim a victory through Mr. Gladstone's recent declarations in Parliament. There are rumours of the resignation of M. de Giers, and the consequent triumph of the War Party, with whom the Czar is now said to sympathise. The negotiations are not interrupting preparations

for war on either side. The Russians are reinforcing their troops in the Trans-Caspian region, while the Indian Government has given orders for 50,000 troops to be held in readiness, has stopped all furloughs, and is strongly strengthening the various regiments. "Three divisions," the *Times* correspondent writes, "each about 8,000 strong, will be stationed at Quetta and Pishin, and two divisions, each 10,000 strong, will be held in reserve. Sir Frederick Roberts will probably be Commander-in-Chief. Sir Herbert Macpherson will command one of the divisions, and Major-General Prendergast the other, the Duke of Connaught being appointed to command one of the Reserve divisions." In a later telegram also it is stated that at a conference at Allahabad between the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief, it was resolved to send 25,000 men to the Bolan Pass, under General Roberts, while another force of the same strength will subsequently advance from Rawul Pindi—a reserve force amounting to 10,000 men being placed under the Duke of Connaught's command. Reinforcements amounting to 15,000 men, will also be drawn from England. The Indian Princes are showing great loyalty just now. The Maharajahs Scindia and Holkar have placed the military resources of their respective States at the disposal of the Government, while the Nizam's political secretary writes warmly protesting the loyalty of the Indian Mahomedans in the event of war. From the frontier we hear from Gulran that outwardly all is quiet there, but that an immediate Russian advance upon Herat is deemed to be highly probable, a concentration of Russian troops in that direction being already reported. Measures for the defence of Herat are, accordingly, being taken.

GERMANY has been celebrating the eighty-eighth birthday of Emperor William, in whose honour there have been the usual round of festivities, the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and upwards of forty Royal and princely personages coming to Berlin to congratulate the venerable monarch. Unfortunately the Emperor was indisposed on Sunday, and consequently for the first time was unable to receive the visits of any but his princely relations. He appeared, however, at the window of his palace in response to the cheers of an enormous crowd. The weather in Berlin, and indeed throughout Northern Germany, has been bitterly cold, and the day was by no means marked by the usual "Emperor's weather." The only other home topic of interest has been the "Bismarck Presentation Fund," which now amounts to 125,000*l*. Of this the Committee has decided to devote 75,000*l*. to buy back the old family estate of Schönhausen as a birthday present to the Chancellor, the balance being handed to him for public purposes.

In FRANCE the Chamber has decided once more to revert to the system of election by *scrutin de liste*—that is, the election of all the members of a Department *en bloc* instead of each constituency choosing its own member. While the abolition of single candidatures will put an end to numerous abuses—such as the deputy being practically compelled to bribe some of his constituents in order to ensure re-election—it will also greatly tend to the suppression of minorities. Another Parliamentary incident has been the acceptance by the Senate of the Budget with all the reductions in the ecclesiastical salaries insisted upon by the Lower House. From China there is no military war news this week, and there are apparently well authenticated rumours that peace negotiations are once more likely to be entered into between France and China. A Yellow Book on the Chinese war has been issued, but contains little news, the contents chiefly relating to the communications with England on the enforcement of the Foreign Enlistment Act, and the declaration that coal and rice are contraband of war.

In ITALY, King Humbert on Sunday laid the foundation of a monument, to be erected to the memory of the late King Victor Emmanuel, on the Capitoline Hill; "the only site," remarked the King, "on which could arise a monument to the memory of him who made Italy feel the strength which she derived from union." Signor Mancini has confirmed his recent Parliamentary statements with regard to England and the African expedition by a speech in the Senate, in which he declared that the Government "had observed the renewal of the friendship between England and Germany with the greatest satisfaction, and it had given them pleasure to see a Prince of the House of Savoy standing side by side with the three English Princes, and joining in their congratulations to the German Emperor." The Pope is stated to be extremely concerned at the recent vote in the French Chamber reducing the ecclesiastical salaries, and will probably make representations to France on the subject.

In SOUTH AFRICA there is serious disagreement between Sir Charles Warren and the Cape Government. Acting upon the legal advice of Mr. Upington in his capacity of Attorney-General, Sir Hercules Robinson ordered the proceedings instituted by Sir Charles Warren with regard to the murderers of Mr. Bethell to be stayed, and further arrested his general course of action in Bechuanaland. Sir Charles Warren has in consequence appealed to Lord Derby. More pleasant news is that the war in the Soudan has created a profound impression throughout South Africa. In Natal some members of the Shepstone family have offered to raise a corps of 5,000 Kaffirs for service in the Soudan. It has also been proposed to enlist a force of young Boers for the same purpose.

In CANADA a number of half-breeds have revolted on the Saskatchewan River, north of the railway, under the leadership of Riel, who headed the rising in 1870, which was suppressed by Colonel—now Lord—Wolseley. An encounter has taken place between the rebels and a body of mounted police, the police being defeated by the rebels, and fifteen killed. At present the rising is confined to a small district near Fort Carleton, but there is some apprehension that the rebels may be joined by the Indians.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from TURKEY that Russia has been bidding for an alliance in the event of war with England. The Porte is at present holding aloof, and it is rumoured that the English Cabinet are about to make overtures of a similar nature.—In AUSTRIA, great distress prevails in Galicia, where famine typhus has also appeared. The Crown Prince and Princess have been to Cetinje, on a visit to the Prince of Montenegro.—In SWITZERLAND the Anarchists continue to circulate placards inciting to murder and incendiarism.—In SPAIN some excitement has been caused by a treacherous attack by Arabs on some Spanish officials on the coast of Morocco.—In CENTRAL AMERICA General Barrios is about to enforce his Union theories by marching upon San Salvador with 15,000 men.—In the UNITED STATES President Cleveland has appointed Mr. Edward J. Phelps, Senator for Vermont, as Minister to England.—In SAMOA Parliament has passed an Act for the annexation of the islands to New Zealand.



THE arrangements for the Queen's Continental visit next week have been somewhat altered owing to the death of Princess Charles of Hesse, mother of the Grand Duke, who has died at Darmstadt of congestion of the lungs, aged sixty-nine. Instead of going first to Germany, Her Majesty will travel direct to Aix-les-Bains, and will visit Darmstadt on the way home. The Queen will spend three weeks at Aix, staying at the Villa Mottet, which is situated in the

lower garden of the Hotel d'Europe, between the Grand Casino and the Villa des Fleurs. Unfortunately the villa does not command a view of the Lac de Bourget. Neither Her Majesty nor Princess Beatrice proposes to take the waters. The Royal party leave on Monday, crossing from Portsmouth to Cherbourg in the *Victoria and Albert*, and will reach Aix on the following afternoon. Meanwhile the Queen has entertained at Windsor Castle the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Rosebery, Sir A. Alison, and Lord Rowton. On Saturday afternoon Princess Beatrice presented the prizes to the successful students of the Windsor and Eton Art Classes at the Albert Institute, Windsor, and inspected their work in the studio. Next morning Her Majesty, the Princess, and Princes Louis and Henry of Battenberg attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Rev. Dr. Wace preached; and on Monday afternoon Princes Louis and Henry left for Darmstadt. On Thursday the Queen was to hold a Council; and to-day (Saturday), being the first anniversary of the Duke of Albany's death, a commemorative service will take place at Windsor.—Her Majesty's birthday will be kept on June 6.—The Court is now in mourning for ten days for the Princess Charles of Hesse.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor were expected home from Germany yesterday (Friday). During their stay in Berlin, the Princes, with the Duke of Edinburgh, took part in all the festivities commemorating Emperor William's eighty-eighth birthday. They attended the State Dinner at the Schloss on Saturday, where the Prince of Wales took in the German Crown Princess, and subsequently went to Count Radolinsky's *soirée*, while on Sunday they personally congratulated the Emperor, attended the special Service at the Cathedral, were present at the Crown Prince and Princess's gala banquet, and afterwards went to the Emperor's evening party at the Palace. Next day Prince Albert Victor accompanied Prince William to Potsdam to witness the Guards' Parade, and in the evening the Prince of Wales and his son left Berlin for Darmstadt, while the Duke of Edinburgh went to Coburg. Reaching Darmstadt next morning the Princes stayed with the Grand Duke of Hesse to attend Princess Charles's funeral on Wednesday, and left immediately after for Brussels, where they spent Thursday with the King of the Belgians, and were to cross the Channel at night. The Princess and her daughters have remained in town, Prince George coming up from Greenwich on Saturday, when he accompanied the Princess to the Bach Festival at the Albert Hall in the afternoon, and to the Court Theatre in the evening. On Wednesday the Princess and family went to a morning amateur performance at the Criterion Theatre on behalf of the Princess's Branch of the National Aid Society—Egypt and Soudan.—The Prince and Princess will stay the night of April 7th at Holyhead, and will be escorted across to Ireland next morning by the Channel Fleet.—The Prince will attend the coming Colonial banquet at the Mansion House, and with the Princess and Prince Albert Victor will be present at the Costume Ball of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours on May 19, which was postponed last year in consequence of the Duke of Albany's death.

The Duke of Connaught's return to England, fixed for April 3rd, will probably be deferred in consequence of the difficulties on the Afghan Frontier. He has asked leave to withdraw his resignation, and may possibly hold a command in the event of an additional force being sent to Quetta. At all events, he will be present at the reception of the Afghan Ameer at Rawul Pindi. The chief residents of Meerut have entertained the Duke and Duchess at a farewell dinner.—Princess Louise on Tuesday was present at the free breakfast at Collier's Rents, in the Borough, given by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild to unemployed labourers.—Princess Louis of Battenberg is now quite convalescent, and can go out in a pony-chair. The baby is well, and will shortly be christened, the Queen intending to stand sponsor to her fifth great-grandchild.—Prince and Princess Christian have been at Prinknau, Silesia, for the marriage of their niece, Princess Caroline of Schleswig-Holstein, with Prince Ferdinand of Glücksburg. Immediately after the wedding the newly-married pair were telegraphed for to Louisenlund, owing to the dangerous illness of the bridegroom's father.—The Duchess of Edinburgh on Tuesday attended the wedding, at St. Alban's Abbey, of her Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Harriot Grimston, with Major Poore, Equerry to the Duke.



DR. WORDSWORTH, late Bishop of Lincoln, who had been suffering from inflammation of the lungs, died at Harewood, near Leeds, on the morning of Friday, last week, the very day on which Dr. King, his successor in the See, was formally elected Bishop of Lincoln in the Chapter House of the Cathedral. A memoir of him was given in this column at the time of his resignation of the See of Lincoln. Dr. Wordsworth was buried on Wednesday in Riseholme Churchyard, to which his remains were borne from Lincoln Cathedral, the Archbishop of Canterbury accompanying the procession, and reciting at the grave the last part of the Funeral Service.

THE CLAIMS OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY and of missions generally to financial support and personal co-operation were eloquently enforced by Lord Cairns, among other speakers, at a great meeting of the young men of London, convened by the Church Missionary Society, and held on Tuesday night in Exeter Hall.

CANON KNOX-LITTLE intends to resign the Vicarage of St. Alban's, Manchester, and to restrict himself to his cathedral and mission work. 3,000 persons were present to hear one of the sermons on the Passion which he has been preaching this week at the mid-day service at St. Paul's.

THIRTY-FOUR London Congregational Ministers signed a letter addressed to Mr. Gladstone, expressing a hope that the contemplated expedition to Khartoum in the autumn will not take place. The Premier's reply was appreciative, but, as was to be expected, threw no new light nor light of any kind on his policy in the Soudan.

THE LIBERATION SOCIETY held, on Tuesday, a special conference to make arrangements for giving prominence to the question of Disestablishment at the coming General Election. The chairman, Mr. Illingworth, M.P., said that they had many friends in the Cabinet, and many more in the Government. Among the resolutions carried was one to the effect that "Liberal candidates should at the least be required to support the abolition of the Church Establishment in Scotland, and the Disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales, in both which countries the adherents of the Established institutions form an undoubted minority of the population."

DR. VAUGHAN, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, has given an emphatic contradiction to the statements that he has made, and that the English prelates of his Communion have received, a proposal to follow the example of the Irish hierarchy, and formally entrust the cause of Roman Catholic education in England to the Parnellite party in the House of Commons.



THE LATE J. W. DAVISON.—We regret to announce the death at Margate on Wednesday of James William Davison, for many years musical critic to *The Times*, and until January, 1884, writer of the musical notes in *The Graphic*. The career of a musical critic offers few materials for detailed biography. Mr. Davison was born in London, October 5, 1813, and was a pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, who, happily still living, is only one year his senior. Mr. Davison numbered among his fellow pupils Sir George Macfarren and Sir Sterndale Bennett. Relinquishing the more practical side of the Art, Mr. Davison, who was a facile organist and pianist, resolved to devote his life to the duties of musical criticism. His articles in the *Musical Examiner* first attracted attention, and we believe he has also at various times written for the *Athenaeum*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Musical World*, and many other papers. As musical critic to *The Times*, he wielded great power, and in exercise of that power he took a leading part in the establishment of the Monday Popular Concerts. Mr. Arthur Chappell has placed it upon record that the idea of these concerts, which have popularised chamber music in London, originated with Mr. Davison, and he continued to edit the analytical programmes till the day of his death. Mr. Davison was a kind friend, ever ready to extend a helping hand to his younger colleagues, and to instruct and advise them from the rich stores of his recollection and experience. As a master of language he had few equals amongst the musical critics of his day.

LONDON MUSICAL SOCIETY.—This Society, under Mr. Joseph Barnby, introduced three novelties at their concert on Wednesday evening. Dvorák's charming "Legend," for orchestra, have already been heard in the form of piano duets, played at a semi-private *soirée* by the composer and his host, Mr. Oscar Beringer. Schumann's "Minstrel's Curse" is a setting of Uhland's poem. It is for the most part in the composer's later and less interesting manner, although an exception must be made in favour of the beautiful Provençal song sung by the unfortunate youth whose murder calls forth the curse. Herr Rheinberger's presence invested with special interest the first performance of his cantata *Christoforus*, written for the North German Musical Festival last Whitsuntide. So ambitious and meritorious a composition merits more consideration than can now be given it, and we must be satisfied with merely chronicling a production which reflected credit upon the amateurs and their conductor.

THE BACH BI-CENTENARY.—A month ago we celebrated the bi-centenary of the birth of Handel. Barely a month later the 200th anniversary has been celebrated of the birth of Johann Sebastian Bach. The two composers, each mighty in his way, have not been treated in England with equal fairness. Handel, who basked in an atmosphere favoured by Royalty and the aristocracy, has always been the darling of the British people. But Bach, until about thirty-five years ago, when the late Sir Sterndale Bennett started the Bach Society, and Schumann and Jahn originated the Bach-Gesellschaft, which has from time to time published uniform editions of his works, was strangely neglected in this country. Whether a Bach revival on any extensive scale is possible may be a question. Bach's music, so severe in its classicism, is perhaps not for the million. But the value cannot be over-estimated of the work accomplished by Sir Sterndale Bennett, who introduced the "St. Matthew" *Passion* in 1854, and the *Christmas Oratorio* in 1861; by Mr. Joseph Barnby, who at the Albert Hall or at St. Ann's, Soho, has made the "St. Matthew" and "St. John" *Passions* popular works; and lastly by Herr Otto Goldschmidt and Madame Jenny Lind, to whom we owe the first complete performance in England of the mighty Mass in B minor. The last-named work, as the greatest of all Bach's compositions, and as the most colossal Protestant Mass known, was very properly selected for the bi-centenary celebration by the Bach and other choirs at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday. It was perhaps a pity that the version of 1876 was not more rigidly adhered to. Some fuss was made about the revival of the parts for oboe d'amore, and of the three high trumpet parts, which formerly were played partly on the ordinary trumpets and partly on the clarinet. To perform the Mass as originally written might have been impracticable. But it was hardly logical to restore two only of the old instruments, and at the same time to add viola parts, and an organ part which was often loud, and not unseldom obstreperous. The proceeding was about as logical as though the actors in a Shakespearian play were compelled to clothe their backs with the doublets of an Elizabethan era, while their nether integuments were of the latest fashionable cut of the present day. The audience on Saturday was large, but as it might have been anticipated the choral portions were appreciated best. The lengthy fugue in the Kyrie, the Gloria, the pathetic "Qui Tollis," and the massive finale to this section, and the whole of the Nicene Creed were heard under conditions almost impossible elsewhere. The soloists were Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Messrs. Lloyd and Kempton, and Herr Otto Goldschmidt conducted.—At the Popular Concert on Saturday part of the programme was devoted to the compositions of Bach, the "Chromatic Fantasia" being played by Mdlle. Kleeborg, and a duet sonata in E by that lady and Herr Joachim.—At the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday, in the course of an historical programme, which ranged from a sonata for double orchestra by the sixteenth-century Gabrieli to selections from Wagner's *Die Walküre*, Mr. Manns introduced an orchestral suite in D, by Bach.

OPERATIC NEWS.—Mr. Mapleson has relinquished his project of an opera season at Drury Lane, and has arranged (although the contract has, we believe, not yet been signed) for a season of eight weeks of Italian Opera at Covent Garden, beginning Saturday, June 6. Madame Patti, Miss Nevada, Mesdames Marie Roze and Scalchi, are, it is said, already engaged. Negotiations are also in progress with Madame Christine Nilsson. The less familiar items of the repertory will probably be *Lakmé* and *La Juive*. Signor Arditi will conduct.—The Carl Rosa tour will end this week, after which the artists will return to London to rehearse for the Drury Lane season, which will begin on Easter Monday.

"THE ROSE OF SHARON."—After the indifferent performance at the Albert Hall, Messrs. Novello wisely determined to give a special performance of Mr. Mackenzie's oratorio at St. James's Hall last Friday under far more satisfactory conditions. For the first time, Madame Albani sang the music of the Sulamite, and, being supported by Madame Patey, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, the performance, so far as the leading artists were concerned, left nothing to be desired. The chorus, collected from various sources, made a few slips, but the performance, under the direction of the composer, who came expressly from Italy, was the best yet given in London. We may add Mr. Mackenzie has now resolved to leave Italy, and definitely to settle in England.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Mr. John Farmer's *Requiem* to the Harrovian officers killed in Egypt will be performed in the Speech Room at Harrow School on Saturday evening.—Notice of the Philharmonic concert on Thursday, at which Mr. Wingham's new orchestral suite was produced, must be reserved till next week.—Madame Albani will, after Easter, undertake a tour in Holland and

Belgium.—Madame Sainton's posthumous cantata for female voices will be performed by her pupils at a memorial concert next month.—We have not space for further notice of concerts for the Covent Garden Lifeboat Fund, the "Soirée Artistique," at which Miss Ehrenberg sang Mr. de Lara's new *chanson*, "Blended in Song," a piano recital by Mr. Victor Benham, concerts by the Fulkerson Choral Society (Stainer's *Daughter of Jairus*), Finsbury Choral Association (*Athalie* and *Daughter of Jairus*), Messrs. Mackway and Macpherson, the Royal Academy of Music students, and others.—Mr. John Farmer is about to leave Harrow, to become organist at Balliol College, Oxford.—Madame Christine Nilsson, on February 28th, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her *début* at a concert at Stockholm in 1860.—Ponchielli's opera, *Marion Delorme*, was produced at the Milan Scala on the 17th inst.—A concert under Royal patronage was to be given on Thursday evening, 26th inst., by the "Wandering Minstrels," in aid of the Grosvenor Hospital for Women and Children, Westminster, which has had an exceptional outlay for necessary repairs, at the Grosvenor Hall, Buckingham Palace Road.—Sir Julius Benedict has during this week been seriously ill with bronchitis, and occasional attacks of *angina pectoris*. He is attended by Dr. Quain, and his state at his advanced age is considered serious.



THE exigencies of Supply having been met, the House of Commons has, up to Thursday, devoted its days and nights to the Seats Bill. The stage now reached is the schedules, which, though involving matters of only local importance, have been more stoutly fought than any other portions of the measure. Whilst the Bill itself was under discussion members talked and fought with the consciousness that their labour was vain. Nothing they could do or say would alter the arrangement which had the joint approval of the two front Benches, and though a knowledge that talk is waste of time does not always check the ardour of members of Parliament, it had in this case a certain effect. But it is understood the shadow of the compact does not rest upon the schedules. Here Ministers are at liberty to vary the lines of the Bill, and in one or two cases this has been done—Westminster, for example, obtains an additional member beyond what was promised it by the Bill, and East End representation will be reduced in corresponding degree.

A wearisome effort was made by the Irish members on Tuesday night and resumed on Wednesday to obtain an additional member for Dublin. It is said that this might have succeeded but for Mr. Sexton, who brought the motion forward, and whose constitutional verbosity resulted in such a prodigious speech that, so it is said, he talked all the friends of the proposal out of the House. This is probably only an expressive way of indicating distress at the fatal fluency which marks Mr. Sexton's utterances. He certainly spoke for an hour, an almost unprecedented incident in bringing forward in Committee a motion of local bearing. With the exception of this speech, and the debate on the proposal generally, the proceedings on the Seats Bill partake of that character of business aptitude which marks the House of Commons in Committee. There are two aspects of the House of Commons where it rises far above the level at which in these times it ordinarily presents itself to a critical public. One is the closing hours of a great debate when the giants get the arena all to themselves. The other is in Committee on some business Bill when, across the floor, in the give-and-take of conversation, the details of a clause are hammered out into the best possible shape. The Parnellites, as has been said, varied this in the debate on the proposal to give Dublin five members, taking for it nearly one-half of the working hours of the Tuesday's sitting, and another half of Wednesday's. But this was an exception, and under the rule steady progress has been made.

The solemn injunction of Lord Salisbury, and the example of Sir Stafford Northcote, do not have any effect in limiting the wish of certain members of the Conservative Party to have disclosed in the House of Commons the inner working of delicate negotiations with Russia respecting the Afghan Frontier. It should be said that the offenders against a long-established rule are few in number. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett comes first. After him Sir H. Wolff, then Mr. Onslow, and finally, a new recruit in this field, Sir Henry Tyler. The personal standing of these gentlemen in the House is not important. But as a child possessed of a box of matches might set the British Museum on fire, so they, meddling with mighty matters, introduce some excitement at question time. Their common course is to take some rumour in the newspapers of the day, assume its correctness, and thereupon, under the thin guise of a question, accuse the Government of being accessories to the imaginary fact. In one case at least they have not waited for the appearance of a particular rumour in a newspaper. On Monday Mr. Ashmead Bartlett asked "whether it was true, as stated in the *Daily News*, that the Government had consented to the Russian occupation of Pendjeh." As the *Daily News* made haste to show, it had never said any such thing, nor anything approaching it. But Mr. Ashmead Bartlett had put his question and effected his purpose, which was to insinuate that the Government, whilst mobilising the forces in India, and making every preparation for war, were, in the meanwhile, assenting to Russian aggression, and whilst publicly and in diplomatic communication asserting the further advance of Russia would be regarded as an act of war, were secretly, and for some inscrutable reason, meekly giving Russia whatever she asked.

It does not appear to the looker-on that there is any political advantage to be got out of tactics like this. But it is presumed that in some way it pays, since the tactics are nightly renewed. On Monday night Sir Stafford Northcote moved the adjournment, in order to discuss the arrangements for debating the Egyptian Convention. The Government stuck to their point that it was absolutely necessary that the Convention should be settled before the House separated for the Easter recess. Sir Stafford Northcote urged that between Friday night, when the Egyptian Papers were issued, and Thursday, or even Monday next—alternative dates proffered for opening the debate—there was not time to master the papers. But the objection was not seriously pressed. Mr. Gladstone, whilst protesting that he would not in ordinary circumstances have resisted the desire of the Opposition to postpone the debate, solemnly declared that, if financial relief were not provided by the Convention, Egypt would be bankrupt early in April. Lord John Manners effectively retorted that the Premier's speech really meant that the Government had brought the financial affairs of Egypt into such a state of hopeless confusion that if the House of Commons did not, with its eyes shut and its ears closed, at once vote the acceptance of the Convention, Egyptian bankruptcy necessarily ensued. The conversation languishing in the hands of the Conservatives, the Irish members took it up, Mr. William Redmond volunteering his opinion on the subject. Having come to this, Sir Stafford Northcote expressed his desire to withdraw the motion for the adjournment, which was done, and in accordance with the settlement thus arrived at the debate on the Financial Convention opened in the House on Thursday. Arrangements have been made for taking the division at an early hour this (Saturday) morning.

The House of Lords has shared in the general dullness which prevails in the House of Commons. They have practically no work to

do, since it is obviously useless to initiate legislation. In reply to various questions put to him as to the prospect of particular Bills, Mr. Gladstone returns the stereotyped answer that, till the Seats Bill is disposed of, he cannot take into consideration any other matters. This, to sanguine promoters of Bills, seems to leave open a prospect that the Seats Bill once out of the way they may have a chance. Elsewhere in the House it is very well known that, the Seats Bill through and Supply provided for, there is only one other measure for which the House of Commons, hastening to the polls, can be induced to stay at Westminster to consider. This is the renewal of the Crimes Act, which in one form or another must inevitably be carried. It will afford some exciting episodes, which will exhaust what remain of the energies of a moribund Parliament.

In the meanwhile, the Lords, who meet regularly at four o'clock, enjoy a little conversation before dispersing for dinner. They have taken up again the question of the opening of museums on Sunday, the division showing a distinct and remarkable advance in favour of the promoters of the scheme. The Lords are clearly being educated up to the point at which Lord Thurlow would see them stand. The majority opposing the opening of museums has through several Sessions been diminishing. It has now reached a point at which the two parties are equal, and it is confidently believed that the next time the fight is renewed Lord Thurlow's motion will be carried. Of course a resolution passed by the House of Lords in that sense would not be operative any more than is the resolution actually carried. This, which stood in the name of Lord Shaftesbury, unfortunately unable to be present, proposes as an alternative that the British Museum and the National Gallery should be opened on the evenings of weekdays instead of Sundays. But that is only a recommendation which the Trustees may or may not disregard. It would be necessary finally to proceed by Bill, and this the promoters of Sunday opening are prepared to do when opportunity presents.



THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS, SIR BALLIOL BRETT, still suffers from an attack of bronchitis, and it is not expected that he will resume his seat in Court during the present sittings.

A GIVES or lends to B a sovereign, believing it to be a shilling, and B receives it in the same belief. An hour afterwards B discovers the mistake, but instead of returning the sovereign keeps it. Is B under these circumstances guilty of larceny? This knotty point has been debated at considerable length by five judges, with counsel, in the Court for Crown Cases Reserved. Precedents and authorities were amply referred to, but there was a difference of opinion among the five judges, and, as the Act directs, the case will have to be re-argued before the whole of the judges.

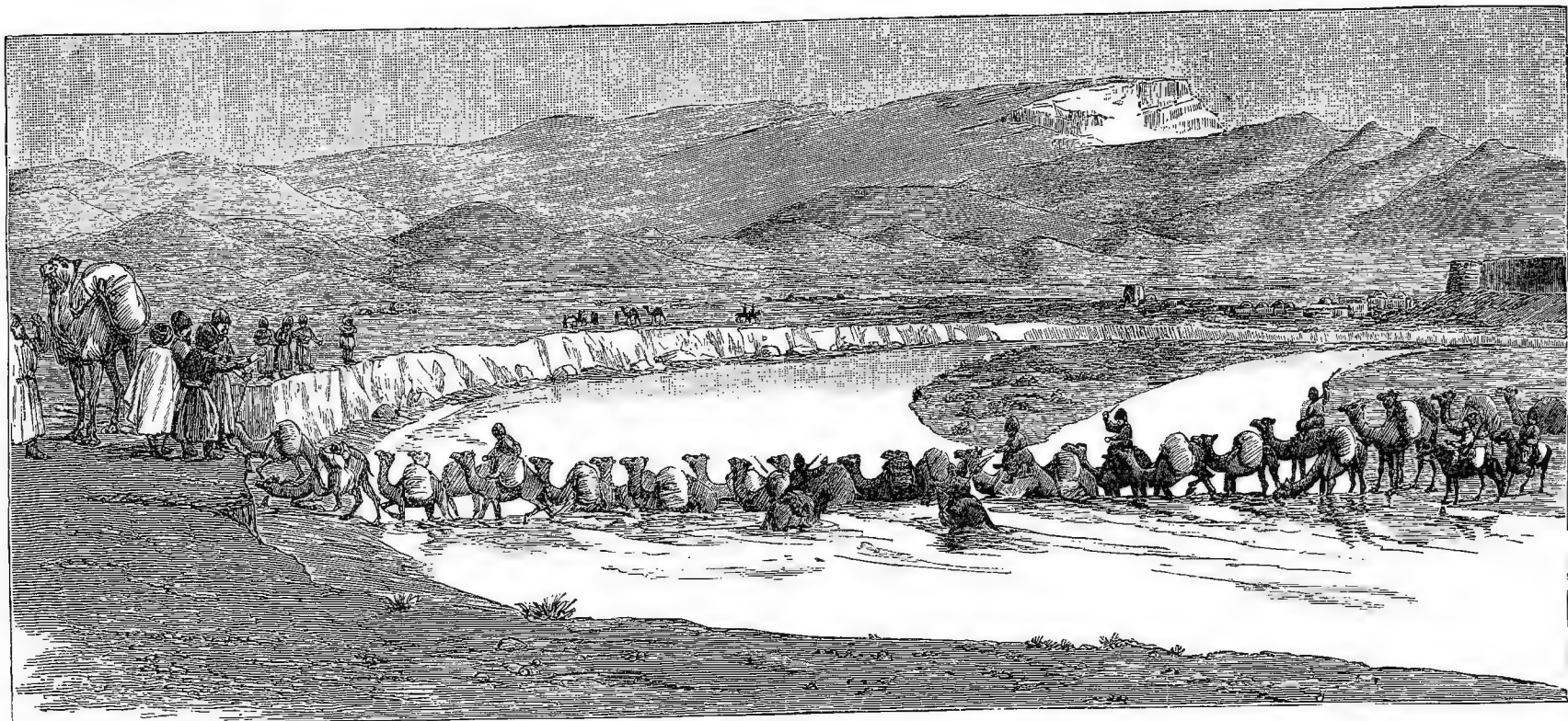
SOME OF THE DECISIONS in previous cases of the kind are conflicting, and Mr. Justice Stephen, one of the judges who had to adjudicate on this particular case, has, in his Criminal Law Digest, declared it to be doubtful whether it is theft "fraudulently to convert property given to the person converting it under a mistake of which the person was not aware when he received it." In fact, as Mr. Justice Stephen remarked, offering an illustration which may be interesting to the non-legal public, the judges have held that if a person gives a cabman a sovereign for a shilling in the dark, and the cabman does not see it at the time he takes it, but sees it afterwards and then keeps it, that is not stealing.

MR. JUSTICE GROVE, nevertheless, could not understand how the lapse of an hour (which had occurred in this particular case between the loan of the shilling and the discovery that it was a sovereign) affected the point at issue. There must, he said, have been some interval of time, however short, before the borrower could see the coin to be a sovereign, but it could make no difference whether he had it two minutes or sixty minutes before he made the discovery. The Bar laughed when Mr. Justice Grove went on to say that since a fall he had two years ago there was a difference in the sense of perception between his right hand and his left. With one he should at once perceive it was a sovereign he took; with the other he should not; therefore, according to the theory which had had been broached, if he took a sovereign for a shilling with one hand, he would be guilty of larceny; if he took it with the other he should not. Meanwhile the borrower of the shilling in a Leicester-shire public-house, who an hour afterwards spent at another public-house half of the sovereign lent him as a shilling, must wait for the decision of the collective judicial wisdom of the country before he can know whether in the eye of the law he has been guilty of larceny or not.

A CURIOUS APPLICATION, said to be the first of its kind, based on the absorption of metals by reverberatory furnaces, was made this week to Mr. Justice Kay in the Chancery Division. The Swansea Zinc Ore Company (Limited), now in liquidation, twice raised money on mortgage. The first mortgage included the buildings and machinery, but not the plant and stock-in-trade, which became the subject of a second mortgage. On the strength of this arrangement the second mortgagees claimed a right to take down the furnaces, which, it was not disputed, belonged to the first mortgagees, and to extract and acquire any valuable metals which might have been absorbed in their linings, subject to an obligation to restore the furnaces to their original condition. In support of this singular claim it was affirmed on behalf of the second mortgagees that in 1883 the Company had removed the interior portions of four of their reverberatory furnaces, and had taken from them and disposed of ores to the amount of several thousands of pounds, and that there was reason to believe in the existence, in the interiors of the furnaces now remaining, of a quantity of gold and silver, deposited during the ordinary operations of the Company, to the amount of upwards of 10,000*l*. Mr. Justice Pearson at once dismissed the summons with costs, remarking that the first mortgage comprised all the buildings of the Company, and that if they had chosen to build all the furnaces of pure gold, these would have been subject to the first mortgage.

MR. H. H. CRAWFORD has been formally admitted to the office of City Solicitor, to which he was elected by the Common Council.

SUNDRIES.—Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston have published an admirable map of Central Asia, with special reference to the Russo-Afghan dispute. The boundary line now claimed by Russia is clearly defined, and the roads leading thither, both from Russia and from India, are distinctly marked. There is also a capital inset map showing the encroachments of Russia in Central Asia from the accession of Peter the Great to the present time.—Mr. W. H. Cremer, jun, and Messrs. G. Sparagnapane and Co., of 49 and 50, Milton Street, E.C., have respectively sent us a number of novelties in the form of Easter Eggs, for, following the example of our friends across the Channel, Londoners are beginning to present their friends with these little remembrances at Easter-tide. These eggs contain gifts of all kinds, from sugar plums or miniature nine-pins to *terra-cotta* figures. Some of these eggs are in the form of celebrities or notoriety of the day.—Messrs. Fores, 41, Piccadilly, have published an excellent etching by Walter A. Cox, after the original picture by J. Erskine Nicol, entitled "Dolce con Espresso."



ARRIVAL AT BALA MURGHAB OF A CONVOY OF CAMELS FROM HERAT
From a Sketch by an Officer with the British Boundary Commission

AMONG THE TURKOMANS

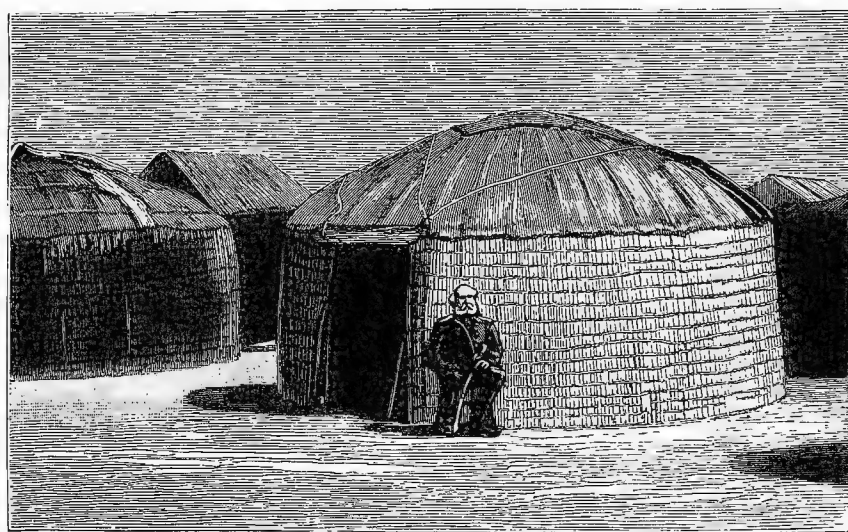
THESE illustrations, which are engraved from photographs, represent some of the scenes I witnessed in crossing the northern part of Turkmenia. The tent of the nomad Turkoman closely resembles that of the Kirghese, though I noticed in those I visited near Krasnovodsk that the matting of reeds which the Kirghese place round the tent inside the Turkomans place outside, binding it round with broad bands, sometimes of velvet. The usual food of the Turkoman is unleavened bread, of dough baked on the hearth by covering it up in the embers. They eat also meal with oil or clarified butter, and I saw in preparation another kind of food called *yarma*, consisting of bruised wheat and sour milk. The Shikh tribe I visited near Krasnovodsk subsist largely on fish; but Mr. Lessar tells me that the tribes in the South refrain from eating the fish of the Murghab and the Tejend, supposing that it causes fever. One cannot be long among the Turkomans without seeing the important part played in their domestic economy by

the camel. The Turkomans do not ordinarily harness their camels to native carts, but Russian experiments have shown that a camel can conveniently draw a load of 1,200lbs. a distance of sixteen miles in a day. The load, however, placed on a cart is not much more than the camel can conveniently carry on its back, and hence it is not uncommon in Turkmenia to see these animals harnessed to the Russian telega or tarantass. Indeed, this would have been my mode of progression had I returned from Petro Alexandrovsk by the post road taken by the late Colonel Burnaby instead of crossing as I did to Krasnovodsk. The strong, well-built stone fortress of Krasnovodsk has within its rectangular enclosure Government offices and small barracks, together with the house that was built for the residence of the Governor of the Trans-Caspian district. The population of the place my note book gives as 400 Persians and Armenians, and 1,000 Russians, of whom 800 were military. In 1882 there were between Krasnovodsk and Askhabad five or six batteries of artillery. One of the engravings represents an experiment by the Russians

to use the camel for drawing cannon, which was not, I believe, a great success, though the employment of camels for the draught of Red Cross ambulance waggons must have been a vast improvement upon the only method possible in the early campaigns with the Turkomans, namely, that of carrying the wounded on the camels' backs.
HENRY LANSDALE, D.D.

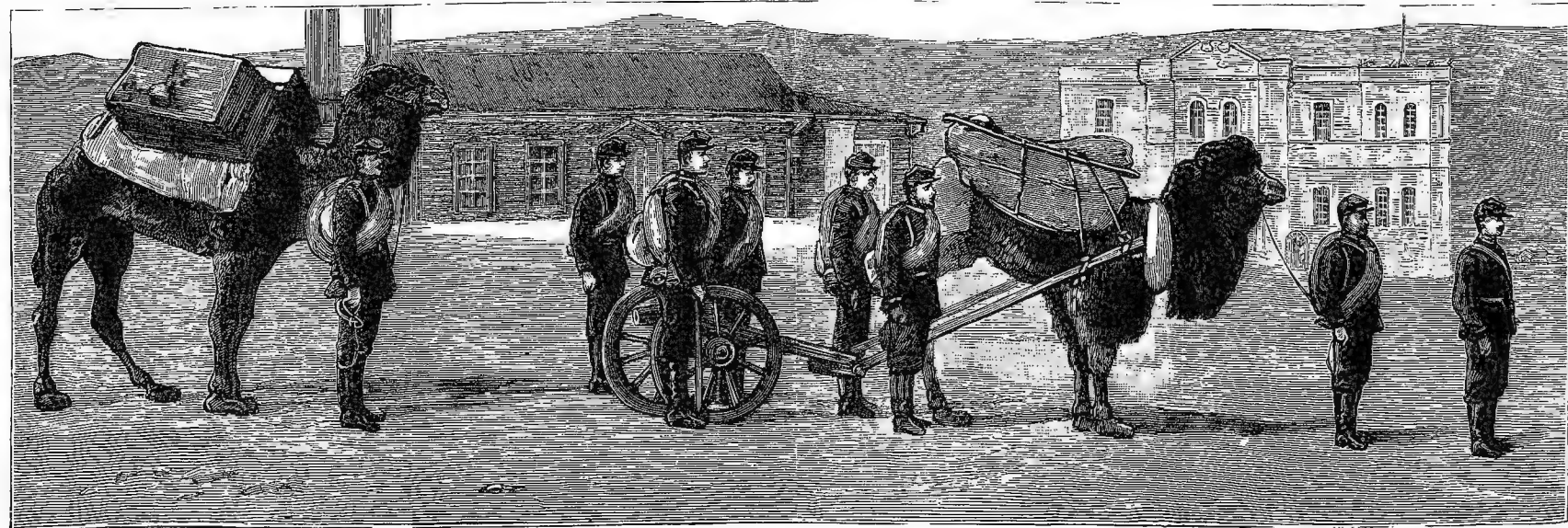
WESTERN AUSTRALIA—MEETING OF THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE

UNDER the energetic management of Mr. Frederick Young, the honorary Secretary, the Royal Colonial Institute has gradually developed into a most important institution. It now numbers on its books the names of upwards of 2,600 Fellows, most of whom are Colonists of distinction, and the meetings of the Institute have become the gathering ground for Colonists from all parts of the globe, many home-staying persons of note and influence being also attracted. We have no hesitation in asserting that the far more keen and



AMBULANCE CART OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY, AS EMPLOYED BY THE RUSSIANS IN THE TURKOMAN CAMPAIGNS

A TURKOMAN KIBITKA OR TENT, AS INHABITED BY THE RUSSIANS IN THE DESERT



KRASNOVODSK FORT, WITH A RUSSIAN EXPERIMENT AT A CAMEL BATTERY
THE AFGHAN FRONTIER DIFFICULTY

Baring. Cairo.

In rebel display today 21.4.84. Rebels fired two shots from their gun, from their camp. Thermometer 92°. 22 April, a Lieutenant and two soldiers escaped from Rebels. no news of import. We put down mines at village ~~half~~ half hour outside South Lines. Spy reports Shendi is invested, if it is taken, it is entirely due to your not sending to Sebehr Pacha. if it was justifiable to allow him to raise blacks and lead them down to the slaughter of Trinkitat, it would have been equally so let him collect men for the Soudan. Steamers attacked Rebels. drove them back with loss, and captured 30 Camels, 30 Goats. Nile began to rise today, this is in advance of usual period. In Rebel camp, are numerous Abyssinian advance, which I trust for honor of England are not here for what has Abyssinia to do with this question. It is like a big boy getting a little boy to fight his battles. 23 April Nile still rising. Thunderstorms in all directions at night. ~~Rebels are not to be trusted~~ The rising of Nile will enable steamers to destroy irrigating machines along river banks and thus prevent any cultivation. ~~that~~ I will pardon peoples, who give in allegiance, if they do not, I will liberate their slaves. Thunderstorms over town, and in every direction. 24 April. rain during night. Thermometer, 90°. Report says that an expedition started with 70 of our captured soldiers, rockets and guns from omdurman against Saleh Pacha, that the regular soldiers feigned an attack against Saleh, and turned on the Rebels, going over to Saleh with guns et cetera. this, if true, will effectually prevent Mahdi trying this again. on Greek Consul's recommendation, we have issued notes for payment of troops. Rebels made one of their distant attacks on Omdurman, ~~and as before had no success in villages, nor of~~ ~~shooting blackcaps~~. 25 April. Usual Friday Church parade. not many rebels on South ~~front~~ Front. a party crept down into Village opposite Palace, and fired volleys, but did no harm. Yesterday steamers went up White Nile, and captured 4 cows 2 donkeys 25 sheep, and 3 Prisoners ^{killing 7}. We are sending out negroes to entice the slaves of Rebels, to come to us, on promise of freedom, the general opinion is, that all the slaves will desert by degrees and that the rebels will leave this dangerous vicinity, not for fear of bullets, but for fear of losing their live chattels. we will take the slaves into government service, giving them their freedom, clothes, and pay. they get nothing from Rebels. It may be the beginning of end of slave holding up here. If you cannot read this telegram, make the Clerk repeat it, and ask Flyer to order the original European telegrams to be sent down by post. 26 April. Issued Bank notes to amount 2500 £. redeemable in 6 months. I heard from Kasala today, dated 13 April, it is all right. Some English authority has threatened the Beni Amer tribe, north of Kasala, the Sherik writes to me

SUPPLEMENT 16

This tribe has always been a good one, send a kind message to the Sheikh from me. One of our soldiers who formed part of expedition from Kordofan sent against Saleh Pasha with 2 guns, and 1 Rocket has escaped. He says that the expedition consists of 1000 men, 100 of whom are my soldiers of Soudan, who send to say they will turn on the rebels when they fight. He says Station Bay still holds out, and that Mahdi is fighting in Kordofan, with some tribes who have revolted. We are making decorations for Defence of Kartoum, a crescent and star, with Words. from Koran and date, so we count on Victory. officers silver men copper you will not be asked to pay for them. ~~and the rest of the~~
27 April. We are all well &
strong.



Chard

[illegible]

H. M. Minister & Nubar Pasha. 30.7.84.

Yr telegram 5.5.84 received. Thanks for kind expressions. Nile now high, and we hope to open route to Suvaah in few days. we have had no serious losses. Stewart was slightly wounded in arm near Palace, he is all right now. Be assured that there are far from being sought for but we have no option, for retreat is impossible, unless we abandon civil employees and their families, which the general feeling of troops is aghast. I have no advice to give, if we open Suvaah and clear Blue Nile, we will be strong enough to retake Berber, that is, if Dongola still holds out, as for Mahdi he will not send succour here. Not one Pound of the money you gave me, got here, it was captured at Berber we want 200,000 £ sent to Kasala, the expenses of these garrisons must be met. Kartoum costs 500 £ per diem. If route gets open to Kasala I shall send Stewart there with journal, that is, if he will consent to go. You may rely on this, that if there was any possible way of avoiding this wretched fighting, I would adopt it. For the whole war is hateful to me the people refuse to let me go out on expeditions ~~as they are afraid of my loss~~, a. for the bother which would arise, if anything happened so I sit on tenter hooks of anxiety. If I could make any one chief here I would do it, but it is impossible, for all the good men were killed with Hicks. To show you that ~~the~~ Arabs fire well, two of our steamers which are blundered were hit 970 and 860 hits in their hulls respectively. Since our defeat 16.3.84, we have had only 30 killed, 50 or 60 wounded, which is very little I should think we have fired half million cartridges. The conduct of people and troops has been excellent. I was thinking of issuing Proclamation liberating the slaves of those in ~~our~~ arms, but have ~~diff~~ deferred doing so, for fear of complications. I have great trust that God will bring us out triumphantly, and with no great loss on either side. We hear queer stories as to fall of Berber, Arabs captured there all stewards Harper uniform, and my medals &c. It may be bad taste to say it, but if we get out of this, give Stewart a KCMG, and spare me at all costs, you will thus save me the disagreeableness of having to refuse, but I hate these things: if we get out, it is in answer to prayer, and not by our might, and it is a true pleasure to have been here, though painful enough at times. Stewart's journal is copies, I only hope it will get down to you, when I send it. I wish W.O. would pay my brother 200 £ of my pay. Land mines are the things for defence in future we have covered the works with them, and they have deterred all attacks, and done much execution. Since 30.3.84 date of your Cairo dispatch, we have had no news from you. Sayd Mahomet Osman of Kasala ought to be the route for your dispatches, and you ought to give him a present 500 £, for he saved Kasala. We have made a decoration, with three degrees, silver gilt, silver, and pewter, with inscription. Siege of Kartoum with a grenade in centre, school children and women have also received one; consequently I am very popular with the black ladies Kartoum. We have issued paper notes to amount of 26,000 £, and borrowed 50,000 £ from merchants, which you will have to meet. I have lent in addition 80,000 £ paper notes to Suvaah. What Kasala is doing for money, I do not know, of course we only get taxes paid in lead, so you are running up a good bill up here. The troops and people are full of heart, I cannot say the

Mr. J. S. O'Brien
Secretary

Mr. Frederick Young
Hon. Secretary

Lord Rosebery

Lord Lorne

Sir F. N. Broome

Sir F. Weld

Sir C. Tupper

Mr. W. Walker
Hon. J. C. Emy



Mr. R. Murray Smith

Sir Saul Samuel

Lady Broome

Sir P. Cunliffe Owen

Lord Derby

The Prince of Wales

Sir John Cook
Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P.

Prince Albert Victor

A MEETING OF THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE AT PRINCES HALL—SIR F. NAPIER BROOME, K.C.M.G., READING A PAPER ON WESTERN AUSTRALIA

intelligent interest which is now taken in Colonial matters than was the case even as recently as ten years ago is in no small measure due to the good work done by the Royal Colonial Institute.

A practical proof of this increased interest was exhibited on the evening of Monday, March 16th, when Sir F. Napier Broome, the Governor of Western Australia, delivered a lecture on the history and resources of that colony, at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute in the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The Prince of Wales took the chair, and among the audience were Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Lord Derby, Lord Rosebery, Mr. W. E. Forster, Sir T. Brassey, the Agents-General and various ex-premiers and other high officials of the various colonies, besides a host of persons of colonial eminence. The lecture itself was, as far as we are aware, very briefly reported in the daily papers, though, in our humble opinion, it was far more worthy to be printed *in extenso* than many of the political addresses, extra-Parliamentary or otherwise, with which newspaper readers are at present bored, to the exclusion of more interesting matter. Those who wish to read the lecture will find a full report in the *Colonies and India*, and it is well worth studying, for it gives an excellent and impartial account of a vast region, bigger than Germany, France, Spain, and the United Kingdom put together, and only needing the inflow of capital and of an industrious population for the development of its many resources. Here is a chance for the people of overcrowded France and Germany, if our own countrymen should refuse to listen to the appeal. Why bother about founding colonies in unhealthy and pestilential climates, when this virgin region of nearly a million square miles remains almost untouched? For we Britishers are not exclusive in respect of colonisation. Men and women of all countries are welcome, provided they conform to the laws.



SINCE the failure of a piece belonging to the class known as "Farical Comedy" produced at the COURT Theatre some three years since, the management have—at least until lately—shown little disposition to repeat their experiment. Yet Mr. Clayton on that occasion developed an unexpected but decidedly original talent for the farical vein, and the company in general played with a spirit which certainly deserved a better reward. That Messrs. Clayton and Cecil had at length summoned courage for another venture in the same field was announced a short time since in a curiously apologetic tone. Why they should be ashamed of producing a three-act farce—always provided that it is a good piece of its kind—is not very clear. In France the best works of such writers as Labiche, Meilhac, and Halévy are justly held in high respect; nor do theatres of reputation like the Vaudeville or even the Théâtre Français disdain to vary their programme with an occasional piece of this light and mirthful character. Happily the newly-acquired courage of the Court management has been crowned by a brilliant success. Mr. Pinero's new comedy, or more properly farce, in three acts, brought out at this house on Saturday evening with the title of *The Magistrate*, is imbued with the true spirit of French farce, without a trace of the indelicacy with which the productions of the Palais Royal are apt to be disfigured. Essential originality it cannot claim; for its fun arises from the well-worn theme of conjugal mystifications and accidental rencontres in the course of midnight escapades, in this case, it is true, of a perfectly harmless character. But absolute originality on the stage is not to be looked for. There is much, no doubt, in *The Magistrate* to remind one who is well read in modern French plays of many pieces of its class; but it is more than doubtful whether any one of these is a whit more original than Mr. Pinero's work. Those who fancy it easy to do what Mr. Pinero has done with the aid of a few reminiscences of popular pieces may be recommended to try their hands at the task. If they are equally successful, audiences will, we suspect, be little inclined to deny their merits. The performance on Saturday evening any way was received with a genuine welcome by a brilliant audience, among whom were the Princess of Wales and her son Prince George. It is a pity to forestall any part of the spectator's pleasure by narrating the story of pieces of this sort. Nor would such a sketch convey any adequate notion of the droll combinations, the ludicrous embarrassments, the rapidly-shifting situations, or the general high tide of merriment which characterise the development of the story almost from the rising down to the fall of the curtain. That very peculiar but thoroughly genuine vein of humour to which we have already referred is even more conspicuous in the case of Mr. Clayton's Indian colonel, whose kindness of disposition and gallant desire to shield two ladies from the consequences of an unpleasant misunderstanding involve him in a conflict with the police and a night in the station-house under distressing conditions. Mr. Cecil's impersonation of the good-natured magistrate, whose strange fate it is to sentence his own wife and sister-in-law to seven days' imprisonment in ignorance of their identity, since they are closely veiled, is not less amusing. The drollery is heightened by the fact that the magistrate has himself been involved in the unintentionally riotous proceedings of which, like his friend the colonel, he still bears visible traces. Mr. Cecil's narrative of his wild flight from the hotel and restaurant which has been the scene of the police encounter is a capital specimen of the grotesquely ludicrous, closely bordering on the wildly imaginative. More amusing still is the grave, formal, but finally excited interview between the magistrate and his friend the colonel in the private room at the police-court. If all this is extravagant, it must be confessed that it is diverting in the highest degree. The day is, we suspect, far distant when it will cease to awaken roars of laughter under the roof of the Court Theatre. The piece is in general exceedingly well played. In the wife of the magistrate Mrs. John Wood has a part admirably adapted to her vivacious humour; and other characters are cleverly sustained by Miss Marion Terry, Mr. F. Kerr, Mr. H. Eversfield, Mr. Gilbert Trent, Miss Norreys, Mr. F. Cape, and others.

Mrs. Langtry's first appearance in London in the character of Lady Ormond in *Peril* is now fixed for Saturday evening next at the PRINCE'S Theatre. Meanwhile she will repeat nightly her performance of Lady Teazle.

The late Lord Lytton's *Junius* will be performed for the last time at the PRINCESS's to-night. The theatre will not re-open till Thursday evening next, when *The Silver King* will be revived. A new romantic drama by Messrs. H. A. Jones and Wilson Barrett, dealing with English home life, is in preparation at this theatre.

The ST. JAMES'S Theatre will next week remain closed. On Easter Monday the management will revive *The Queen's Shilling* and *A Quiet Rubber*.

The new piece entitled *Agnes*, at the COMEDY Theatre, originally announced as "a two-act comedy by Mr. Robert Buchanan," proves to be a new and rather weak version of Molière's *L'École des Femmes*. It served to introduce to our stage an American actress, Miss Adelaide Detchon, whose appearance is prepossessing, and whose style is agreeable enough to inspire a wish to see her again under more favourable conditions. We regret to learn that Mr. John Ryder's state of health exhibits

little or no improvement, and that there is no hope, at least for the present, of his reappearance on the stage.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew will commence his first professional engagement in America in New York, in September next.

On Monday next Mr. Irving will, at the invitation of the authorities, deliver a lecture before the Faculty and students of Harvard University on the stage and dramatic art.

Mr. Toole, who has been too long absent from the London stage, will make his reappearance at his elegant little theatre at Charing Cross on Saturday, April 4th.

According to the *Daily News* Mr. G. R. Sims's new romantic drama, entitled *Against the Tide*, in preparation at the ADELPHI, has for a distinguishing feature faithful pictures of East End life, and particularly of the existence of those who earn a precarious living by labour in the Docks and by the river side. The scenes from these localities, painted by Messrs. Telbin, Hann, and Bruce Smith, promise to be very striking. The play will be produced on Saturday, April 4th.

Careful measurement having been made, it has been found that the programme of entertainment at DRURY LANE on Thursday in this week, for the benefit of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, is exactly one yard in length. It is very varied in character, and, as usual, bristles with names of distinguished actors and actresses.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—On Easter Monday, at the afternoon performance, a new piece will be produced, entitled *Hobbies*, written by H. P. Stephens and W. Yardley; the music by George Gear. Mr. Corney Grain will also provide a new musical sketch, entitled *A Vocal Recital*.

A NIGHT AT THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE

THE Carthusian Convent of the Grande Chartreuse was founded by St. Bruno, in the eleventh century, and he imposed on his votaries "Fasting," "Silence," and "Solitude." In its early history probably the Convent was comprised in one small building, but at the present day there is a cluster of about thirty houses, environed by a massive wall erected for defensive purposes, as testified by embrasures and loopholes still remaining. Situated amidst scenes of truly savage grandeur, and on the summit of a mountain 3,800 feet above the sea, the Grande Chartreuse must have been all but inaccessible up to a comparatively recent period. The approaches are by wild and rugged gorges, through which splendid roads have been made, but formerly these gorges might have been held by a handful of men against a host.

I had travelled on foot from St. Laurent du Pont, two and a half hours away. The afternoon had been sullen, and bitterly cold, and I night was closing in as I begged the hospitality of the monks. I was received at the gate by a cowed janitor, who, without speaking, signed to me to follow him. He led the way across a court to a reception room, where another brother approached, and inquired if I desired to pass the night in the Convent. Answering affirmatively, I was conducted by a third brother to a cell containing a small bed of unpainted pine wood, and a table on which was an iron basin and jug of water. A crucifix hung on the whitewashed wall, and beneath it was a *prie-dieu*. When I had hastily removed the dust of travel, the attendant, who had waited outside, showed me to the refectory. To reach it we traversed a long and lofty corridor. At the end, carved in the stone was the inscription, *Stat crux dum voluit orbi*.

The great hall, or supper-room, was cold and barren, and ghostly in the dim light shed by two small swinging lamps that rather enhanced the gloom than relieved it. But if comfort was conspicuous by its absence in the spacious, echoing chamber, with its bare, whitewashed walls, and shadowy recesses, the quality of the supper, from a hungry man's point of view, made amends for it. Meat of every kind is interdicted; but soup of eggs, fish, and a delicious omelette, washed down by excellent red wine, constituted a wholesome and satisfying meal. This supper, as compared with the dietary scale of the monks, was luxury itself. They have only two meals a day, and these meals are marked by a Spartan-like simplicity, consisting as they do of hot water flavoured with egg; vegetables cooked in oil; and for drink, cold water. Each monk takes his food in the solitude of his cell, excepting on Sundays and religious *fête* days, when the brothers sup together in the refectory. The community is divided into categories of "Fathers" and "Brothers." The former are distinguished by their robes of white flannel cinched with a rope girdle. Their heads and faces are completely shaven, and the head is usually enveloped in a cowl. They are all ordained priests, and it is to them that the rule of fasting, silence, and solitude more particularly applies. The fasting is represented by a dietary scale so meagre in its proportions that it can scarcely be said to do more than keep body and soul together; the solitude by many hours of each day spent in the loneliness of the cell; and the silence is only broken by monosyllabic answers to questions addressed to them. Aspirants for the Fatherhood must be orphans. They are compelled to submit to a most rigorous novitiate of five years. They are afterwards ordained, and from that moment, although in the world, they may be said not to belong to it.

The Brothers are the manual labourers, and do everything that is required in the way of domestic service. They wear sandals, and a long brown robe fastened with a rope girdle. On both branches the same severe *rigime* is imposed, and on Friday the only food allowed is a morsel of black bread and a cup of water. The attention to spiritual duties is all-absorbing, and is never allowed to be relaxed. Matins commence in the chapel at eleven o'clock, and are continued until daylight. Anxious to be present I awoke and left my cell soon after eleven. A solitary lamp ineffectually struggled to illumine the vast corridor along which I wandered to the chapel, the door of which swung open without a sound to my touch. All was silence and Cimmerian gloom. Far in the depths of the gloom, so to speak, was a glimmering star-like light from a small lamp over the altar; but its beams only accentuated the darkness, and revealed nothing. Everything was suggestive of a tomb—the silence, the cold, the damp, earthy smell. With startling suddenness a single voice broke into a plaintive, monotonous chant. Then others took up the cadence with a sort of wail, gradually dying out in a moan until there was unbroken silence again. There was something weird and painful in this performance, for the impenetrable darkness, the star-like lamp, the wailing voices of unseen figures, seemed unnatural, and rather to be associated with Death than Life. For nothing in the ceremony indicated Joy or Hope, but their converse, Sadness and Despair. At last the grey morning light stole in at the chapel windows. The bowed forms of the cowed monks were faintly discernible kneeling before the altar, where still burned the watch-lamp. One by one the monks rose without a sound, and flitted away like shadows.

It is singular that men can be found whose faith is so strong. They are willing to deny themselves everything that is joyous in life and beautiful in the world in order to submit to an endless sorrowing for human sins; a sorrowing that finds expression every hour of their lonely, saddened lives. For from sunset to sunrise, and sunrise to sunset again, each hour the solemn tolling of a bell, every stroke of which seems to say "Death!" warns them to "pray without ceasing." Many of these men are still in the very prime of their manhood, and not a few of them are members of distinguished and wealthy families. Yet they have renounced everything, and given themselves up to gloom, fasting, and silence.

The Chartreuse, like the Monastery of St. Bernhard, is much frequented in the summer time by curious visitors; but, unlike the

St. Bernhard, where hospitality is dispensed gratuitously, a fixed charge is made for the food and accommodation supplied.

The Chartreuse boasts of a library of 20,000 volumes, many of the books being unique, and almost priceless. The "Chapter Room" contains portraits of all the Father Superiors from the very foundation of the Order. In another room there is a valuable collection of maps, and a small museum of the insects and butterflies indigenous to the mountains of that region. Each monk has his own cell, on the door of which is painted:—

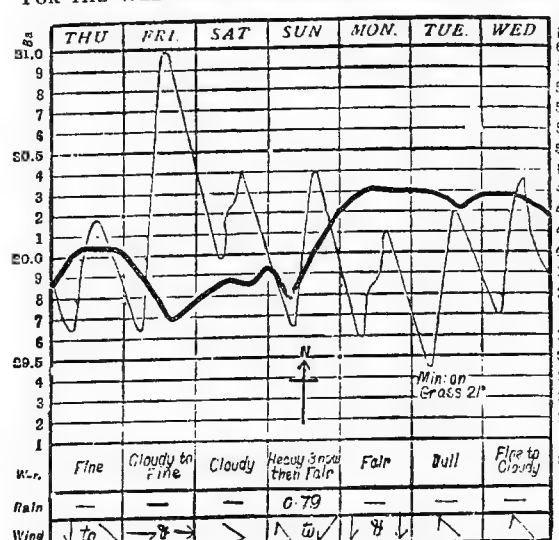
La vie d'un bon Chartreux doit être
Une oraison presque continuelle.

The furniture of the cell consists of a narrow bed, a small stove, for the rigours of the climate render a fire indispensable, a *prie-dieu* and the image of a saint. Attached to the convent is a cemetery divided, one part being for the Brothers, the other for the Fathers, for as the two branches of the Order are quite distinct in life, so they are kept separate in death. No mounds mark the graves, but at the head of each is a cross in wood or stone, though without any indication of the name, age, or date of death of the deceased. From the hill upon which the convent is built a view of a truly magnificent panorama is obtained. It embraces an enormous extent of pine forests and rolling country, and in the dreamy distance the line of snow-clad Alps. This view of the outer world is all the monks ever obtain, for when once they have taken the vows they never leave the place, and know naught of what goes on in the busy haunts of men, save what they gather from the chattering of the throngs of summer idlers.

As I turned my back upon the Chartreuse, not ungrateful for the shelter and refreshment it had afforded, the morning sun was gilding the glorious landscape, and imparted to me a sense of relief and gladness; for I seemed to have come from a region of sorrow and gloom, where the coldness of death was ever present, into the healthy, joyous life of the living, breathing world. J. E. M.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—In the course of the past week cold rain has fallen in the west and north, and snow over Great Britain, but on the whole fair weather has prevailed, particularly in the south-east. At the opening of the period (Thursday, 19th inst.), the eastern portion of an anti-cyclone lay over the south-west of Ireland, with northerly winds over the southern half of the United Kingdom, and westerly breezes in the north. Snow fell on the east coast of England, but fair though cold weather was experienced elsewhere. In the course of the day, however, a decided fall of the barometer took place in the north, and by Friday morning (20th inst.), a very large depression had advanced from the westward to the eastward. This was attended by north-westerly gales over Scotland, and Scandinavia. In the west and north, while westerly breezes and fair weather were experienced along our southern coasts. Pressure now rose briskly in the north, and the northerly winds still blew strongly there, with heavy snow showers, westerly breezes and fair weather continued elsewhere. During Saturday night (21st inst.) a fresh fall of the barometer set in on our north-west coasts, and by Sunday morning (22nd inst.) a well-defined disturbance had advanced to the Channel in a south-easterly direction from the north-west of Ireland. This was accompanied by a heavy fall of snow at many of our southern and south-eastern stations, including the metropolitan area. By Monday morning (23rd inst.) the mercury had again risen, and a large area of high readings covered our islands, with quiet conditions generally, but the closing days of the week were marked by the appearance of depressions in the north. These caused fresh falls of pressure in those localities, with strong southerly winds or gales, and some rain. Over England, however, barometrical readings remained very uniform and somewhat cloudy, but fair weather continued to prevail. Temperature has been slightly below the average on the whole, although on one day (Friday, 20th inst.) 50° were registered at Oxford and Cambridge, and 60° in London. The barometer was highest (30.32 inches) on Monday (23rd inst.); lowest (29.70 inches) on Friday (20th inst.); range, 0.62 inches. Temperature was highest (60°) on Friday (20th inst.); lowest (29°) on Tuesday (24th inst.); range, 31°. Rain and snow fell on Sunday morning (22nd inst.) to the amount of 0.79 inches.



THE SEASON.—March this year has been of a traditional type, fairly windy, rather cold, somewhat dusty, yet not wholly without moisture. The land has turned up in capital order for barley-sowing, and farmers have been busy. Bean-sowing has also been prosecuted under favourable circumstances. The wheat plant promises well, having come up evenly and thickly, and being rather backward than forward for the time of year. The young lambs are thriving admirably, and the losses this season have been light, both of lambs and of ewes. Cattle are generally healthy, despite some serious outbreaks of disease in the Eastern Counties. The flower garden is very dry, but where hand-watering has been given freely and regularly plants are fairly forward. Daffodils and narcissi, as well as violets and primroses, are now becoming plentiful. The almond-trees were late in flowering, but have made up for this by a great wealth of blossom. The grass has not yet begun to grow, but it shows a fairly good colour. The rivers and streams are rather low than high.

SUSSEX AGRICULTURISTS have attracted some attention to themselves by reason of the experiments carried on by Professor Jamieson, the well-known Scotch analyst, whom an association of Sussex farmers had the spirit and sense to employ at a regular salary to investigate the soil of their county. Professor Jamieson's reports were regarded by some other authorities as very heterodox in their conclusions, so that a lively discussion was excited, which Sir Thomas Acland sums up with much ability and fairness in the current number of the Royal Agricultural Society's *Journal*. He

MOSS IN GRASS is now recognised as a sign of cold, wet land rather than as a special form of weed or obtruded growth. Where trees shut out the light from a corner of a field moss very commonly grows while not showing elsewhere. Remove the causes which make the grass weak and the moss will not show itself, for while

ENGLISH APPLES.—The poor quality, flavour, and texture of apples grown in our own country is an unfortunate fact. In our best markets during December it is often impossible to get an apple which can be eaten uncooked, while after New Year's Day it is generally out of the question. We have no good keeping apples, and the very best of our dessert apples are poor in texture. The amount of sugar which has to be put to cooking apples is a waste. We should raise good kinds, which are naturally sweet. Gardeners have not turned their attention to apple cultivation as they might

MISCELLANEOUS.—Milk “chariots” from which pure milk is sold at threepence per quart may now be seen in the streets of the West End of London. Although a private venture this is also a public benefit, and as such merits recognition and support.—There has recently been an improved demand for white clover and lucerne.

2s. 3d.; RESOLVENT, 4s. 6d.; SOAP, 1s. 1½d. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG and CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

THE MIKADO.
GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S new and triumphantly successful Japanese Opera.
LIBRETTO, complete, One Shilling net.
THE VOCAL SCORE (5s.) and PIANO SOLO (3s.) of the above will shortly be published by CHAPPELL and CO., 59, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry, E.C.

LORD HENRY SOMERSET'S NEW SONGS.
O MY DEAR ONE! Words and Music by Lord Henry Somerset.
Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 59, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry, E.C.

A SONG OF NIGHT. Words and Music by Lord Henry Somerset.
Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 59, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry, E.C.

SIGNOR TOSTI'S NEW SONG.
IT CAME WITH THE MERRY MAY, LOVE.
Sung with the greatest success by Mr. Mans.
Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 59, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry, E.C.

MINE TO-DAY. By Isidore de Lara.
"The prettiest song from the pen of this favourite composer." Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 59, New Bond Street, W., and 15, Poultry, E.C.

P. BUCALOSSI.
PHYLLIS WALTZ.
MERRY FOOTSTEPS POLKA.
This waltz and polka will rival in popularity any of Bucalossi's most successful dance music. Both played nightly at the Haymarket Theatre with great success. Price 2s. each net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 59, New Bond Street, W., and 15, Poultry, E.C.

CAROLINE LOWTHIAN.
BLACK AND TAN POLKA.
This will be the polka of the season.
FAHRWOHL WALTZ.
Price 2s. each net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 59, New Bond Street, W., and 15, Poultry, E.C.

CHAPPELL and CO. have on view every description of PIANOFORTES by the best makers, returned from hire, to be sold at greatly reduced prices for cash, or may be purchased on the Three Years' system.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S Student's PIANOFORTES, from 16 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S PIANINOS, with Check Action, from 25 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-FRAMED OBLIQUE and COTTAGE PIANOFORTES for Ocean Steamers and Extreme Climates, from 35 to 65 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO. have on view GRAND PIANOFORTES from 50 to 250 Guineas.
NEW BOND STREET AND POULTRY.

THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS. By Gounod.
As a Vocal Duet for Soprano and Contralto in E flat. The song may be had in C, D, E flat (D to F), and F. Also 2s. net.

POETS' CORNER. By Berthold Tours.
This splendid song, so rapidly becoming popular, may be had in E flat, F (C to F), and G. Full of originality and genius; melodious throughout. 2s. net.
PHILLIPS and PAGE, 43, Finsbury High Rd., N.W.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical PIANOFORTE SCHOOL.
New and Enlarged Edition.
CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Pianoforte Tutor, The best and most useful Tutor ever published.
CHARLES HALLÉ'S Musical LIBRARY.
Entirely remodelled and enlarged.
Catalogues post free on application.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London & Manchester.

DOMINION ORGANS.
Catalogues and full particulars of these celebrated Instruments post free.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272, Regent Circus, Oxford Street, London; 122 and 124, Deansgate, Manchester.

KIRKMAN and SON, MAKERS of GRAND and COTTAGE PIANOS.
3 and 9, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

KIRKMAN and SON'S STEEL GRANDS (horizontal and upright) are constructed with their patent wrought steel frame and wrest-plate, securing a pure tone as well as the utmost durability. They also make an overstrung iron grand, only 5 ft. 9 in. long, at a low price.

KIRKMAN and SON'S IRON FRAMED COTTAGE PIANOS range from 4 ft. in height, are full trichord, and are fitted with the best repetition check actions. They can be obtained in solid wood cases, and specially prepared for extreme climates. A new model has just been introduced for yachts, boudoirs, schoolrooms, &c., only pianette size (3 ft. 6 in. high by 2 ft. wide), but full trichord, and with check action.
All their pianos are for sale, hire, or on the three years' system.

D'ALMAINE'S PIANOS, Half-
Price, From £10.
"AMERICAN ORGANS," from £5. All full compass, warranted for Ten Years, carriage free and all risk taken. Easiest terms arranged. Old pianos repaired or taken in exchange. Liberal prices allowed. And instruments exchanged within three months and the price paid allowed for it if one of a higher class be taken. Established 100 years—91, Finsbury Pavement, City, E.C.

TO LADIES.—SALE of NEW MUSIC at a large reduction and post free. All new songs, pieces, &c., of all publishers in stock. New copies, best editions. Prices commencing 4d., 6d., 8d. Catalogues sent gratis, post free.
J. W. MOFFATT, 3, Barnaby Street, London, N. Established 1857.

ÆGIDIUS.—The only Wool Fabric that never shrinks in washing. Gentlemen's Under Vests, six different styles, 9s. 6d. each; Pants, with belt bands, 6s. 6d.; half-hose, 1s. 6d. All to match. Three different colours. Patterns and self-measure free, post.
R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

ÆGIDIUS.—The only Flannel Shirts that never shrink in washing, not it washed too times. Made in mixed colours—greys, drabs, browns. Write for patterns and self-measure.
R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

FLORILINE! FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produce a pleasant lather, through which cleanses the teeth from all parasites or decay, gives to the teeth a peculiar pearly whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed in part of honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Sold everywhere at 2s. 6d.

"WILL CAPTIVATE THE WORLD."
MORLEY and CO.'S NEW SONGS.
HOME DRAMS, BY BEHREND.
THE LIGHT OF THE LAND. BY PINSUTI.
JEM, A Merry Song, BY COTSFORD DICK.
THE CLANG OF THE HAMMER. BY BONHEUR.
HEART TO HEART, BY BEHREND.
SURELY, BY A. H. BEHREND.
LADDIE, BY CRO PINSUTI.
Keys for all voices. 24 stamps each.
W. MORLEY and CO., 269, Regent Street, W.

MOST GENUINE SUCCESS.
TOSTI'S NEWEST SONG.
HELP ME TO PRAY. Words by WEATHERLY.
HELP ME TO PRAY. By the popular composer of the world-famed songs: "For Ever," "Good-Bye," "That Day," "Ask Me No More," "Let It Be Soon."
Published in A, G, and F minor. Net 2s.
RICORDI, 265, Regent Street, W.

THE BEST FASHION JOURNAL PUBLISHED.
LE MONITEUR
DE LA MODE.
A HIGH-CLASS FASHION JOURNAL.
PATRONISED AND SUBSCRIBED TO BY HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
THE APRIL NUMBER CONTAINS
FOUR Beautifully Coloured Fashion Plates.
Expressly designed for this Journal, and Copyright.
TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES
OF
LETTER-PRESS.

Splendidly Illustrated with OVER ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS of the Latest Fashions from Paris, and New Serial Story, "Miss Hyde's Matchmaking."
A Review of Paris! A Glance at the Theatres. Fashions. London Modes and Styles. The Coiffure of Women. Children's Dress in London and Paris. Fashionable Fine Art Needlework.
Price ONE SHILLING, by post, 1s. 2d.
MYRA and SON (LATE GOUBAUD and SON), 39 and 40, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London.

"This admirable journal should gladden the hearts of the fair sex."—*Midland Times*.
MYRA'S
JOURNAL
Price SIXPENCE. By Post, 8d.
NOVELTIES FOR APRIL.
NEW PARIS MODELS of Costumes, Toiletries, Mantles, Chapeaux, Coiffures and Linings for Ladies, Costumes, Paletots, and Chapeaux for Children. Confirmation Dresses for Young Girls, Models of Costumes and Mantles from Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.
A SPLENDID COLOURED FASHION PLATE, showing the New Modes of Dress and the Fashionable Colours and Materials.
A FULL-SIZED PAPER PATTERN of the LACOMME Mante.
DRESS and FASHION MODES FOR CHILDREN.
MYRA'S ANSWERS. SPINNINGS IN TOWN. THE NURSERY and its ANSWERS on Dress, Furniture, and Personal Health, and Personal Attention, Etiquette, Miscellaneous, &c.
NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS for a Chair Back in Guipure d'Aur; Embroidered Mat and Cigar Case; Pattern in Berlin Wool Work; Borders in Crochet, Knitting and Louis XIII. Guipure, &c.
Large DIAGRAM SHEET, containing Patterns of 1. The Louis XIII. Casaque. 2. The Hester Blouse Dress for a Little Girl. 3. The Carmine Matinee. 4. The Dalmatienne Pelérine. 5. The Berta Parure.

Can be had of all Booksellers throughout the World, or MYRA and SON, Publishers, Covent Garden, London.
NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.
Now ready at all the Libraries.
BETWIXT MY LOVE and ME. By the Author of "A Golden Bar," &c. 2 vols. A Simple Life. By Lady Hore, Author of "Evelyn," &c. 2 vols.
LESTER'S SECRET. BY MARY CECIL HAY. 3 vols. IN AND OUT OF FASHION. BY RICHARD DAVIS PERRY. 3 vols.
ALTHOUGH HE WAS A LORD. By Mrs. FORRESTER. Second Edition. 3 vols.
DONOVAN: A MODERN ENGLISHMAN. BY EDNA LYALL. 1 vol. 6s.
HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Gt. Marlborough St.

On March 26 (Sixpence), New Series, No. 22.
THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for APRIL.
CONTENTS:—
Court Royal. By the Author of "John Herring." "Mehalah," &c. Chap. I.—A Little Devil. Chap. II.—Pawnee. Chap. III.—Lazarus. Chap. IV.—Joanna's School. Illustrated by G. Du Maurier.
The Fire Brigade.
Mrs. Wilmington's Garden Party. Illustrated by T. S. Cheeseman.
Die Animals.
The Rabbi's Present.
Rainbow Gold. By David Christie Murray. Book II.—How Job Round began his Repentance. Chaps. IV.—VI.
London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, Waterloo Pl.
Tenth, Thousand, Just Ready, in illustrated paper cover, price 1s.

JOHN BULL TO MAX O'RELL.
A Reply to "John Bull and His Island." "Nothing could be more crushing than this good-humoured critique."—*Literary World*.
London: WYMAN and SONS, and all Booksellers and Stalls.

Now ready, price 14s., richly bound, crown 8vo.
KELLY'S HANDBOOK to the TITLED, LANDED, and OFFICIAL CLASSES for 1885.
Containing about 20,000 Names in one Alphabetical List of all Members of the Peerage, those having any recognised title or order conferred upon them by the Sovereign, Barons, and Knights, and their Families, Members of Parliament, the principal persons in the Military, Naval, Clerical, or Colonial Services, and the Principal Landowners of the United Kingdom.
London: KELLY and CO., 51, Great Queen Street, W.C.; and SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and CO., Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.

Third Edition. Post Free, Twelve Stamps.
SKIN DISEASES.
A Practical Treatise, explaining the Causes, Treatment, and Cure of these Diseases; with directions for Diet and Baths. These Essays describe fully all the various forms of skin diseases. By S. BERRY NIBLET, Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians.
Published by Mr. WILLIAMS, 10, Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park, London.

NEW SACRED SONGS.
NO CROSS, NO CROWN.
THE ANGELS and the LILIES.
By ALFRED REDHEAD.
In keys for all voices. Each 2s. net.
NEW MARCH.
THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.
GEORGE ASCH.
Played nightly at Rivière's Promenade Concerts. Performed by all Military and Volunteer Bands. Piano Solo, 2s. net; Duet, 2s. net.
Orchestral Solo, Military, 2s. 6d. net.
ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St., London.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office, Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, books, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat. Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 Engravings, 3s. 9d. T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn St., corner St. Martin's Lane.

VISING CARDS by Culleton.
Fifty best quality, 2s. 8d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Engraving Cards 5s. each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d. T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn Street (Corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of STA- TIONERY contains a ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with crest and motto, monogram, or address, and the Engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P. O. O.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (Corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

FAMILY BEREAVEMENTS.
Upon Receipt of Letter or Telegram
PETER ROBINSON'S EXPERIENCED DRESS-MAKERS and MILLINERS TRAVEL TO ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY (no matter the distance) FREE OF ANY EXTRA CHARGE, with MADE-UP ARTICLES of the best and most suitable description. Also materials by the Yard, and supplied at the same VERY REASONABLE PRICES as if Purchased at the Warehouse in "REGENT STREET."
Mourning for Servants at unexceptionally low rates, at a great saving to large or small families.
Funerals Conducted in Town or Country at Stated Charges.

PETER ROBINSON'S MOURNING WAREHOUSE.
256 to 262, Regent Street London.
THE BEST CRAPES
THAT WILL NOT SPOT WITH RAIN.
Special qualities finished by the manufacturer in this desirable manner solely to the order of PETER ROBINSON.
Good qualities from 5s. 6d. to 12s. 9d. per yard. Others, not finished by this process, from 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.

PARCELS POST FREE.
Made Up Articles or Materials by the Yard Forwarded Promptly.
PETER ROBINSON, COURT and GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE.
256 to 262, REGENT STREET.

PLATT'S SPECIALITIES.
CHINA TEA in 3 QUALITIES.
PLATT & CO., 77, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C., will send free to any part of England, Ireland, or Scotland, on receipt of cash with order—
First quality, 1 lb., 3s. 3d.; 2 lbs., 6s. 3d.; 4 lbs., 12s. and 3s. extra for every further lb.
Second quality, 1 lb., 2s. 9d.; 2 lbs., 5s. 3d.; 4 lbs., 10s., and 2s. 6d. extra for every further lb.
Third quality, 1 lb., 2s. 3d.; 2 lbs., 4s. 3d.; 4 lbs., 8s., and 2s. 6d. extra for every further lb.
N.B.—If 25 lbs. are ordered we charge 1d. per lb. less; if 50 lbs., 2d. per lb. less.

DEAFNESS.—Persons afflicted with Deafness, Noises, or any other Ear Disease, should write for the Rev. E. J. SILVER TON'S work on DISEASES OF THE EAR AND EYE (with 100 illustrations), post free, 6d., containing valuable information. Address Rev. E. J. SILVERTON, 16 to 19, IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "Hair Renewer," for it will perfectly restore it to its natural colour, and will restore its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Full particulars around each bottle. Ask your nearest Chemist for THE MEXICAN RENEWER.—Sold everywhere at 3s. 6d. per bottle.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION.
A Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly blotches on the face, neck, arms and hands, can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT. Made from Herbs only, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin is perfectly astonishing. A Box of it (bearing Government Stamp) sent post free, and quite free from observation, to any address on receipt of 15 stamps, to Mrs. G. JAMES, 226, Caledonian Road, London, N. Larger boxes, four times the quantity, 35 stamps. This can be had of all respectable Chemists.

SAMARITAN FREE HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN and CHILDREN, Lowe Seymour Street, Portman Square, West Somerset House Branch, Dorset Street, Manchester Square.
Patron—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.
President—THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD LEIGH

In order to sustain the Hospital and its Branch in their present efficient working order, the Committee feel it their duty to endeavour to raise the least £4,000 of which is required to pay off loans unavoidably incurred last year. And they very earnestly and confidently appeal for help to the friends of the Hospital, and all who sympathise with them in their efforts to relieve the sufferings, and save many poor women and children from premature death. The Institution is a Free Hospital for the Reception and Treatment of Diseases Peculiar to Women, no Letter of Recommendation required, Poverty and Sicknes the only Passport.
Since its foundation no less than 259,333 women and children have been treated in the Out-Department, and 7,308 women and 753 children have been admitted into the In-Department. A number of the women were suffering from OVARIAN TUMOUR and DROPSY—which, before special attention was directed to it in the Samaritan Hospital in 1858, was a disease almost always fatal.
Up to the end of 1883, no fewer than 967 cases were operated upon, with 804 recoveries and 165 deaths, a mortality of 17.66 per cent.
Hospital and its Branch, of which sum the Annual Subscriptions amount to little more than £1,400, and the remainder has to be raised by donations, and other uncertain sources of income. The Committee are most desirous of increasing the Annual Subscriptions, in order to relieve them of the anxiety of raising so large an amount each year.
GEORGE SCUDAMORE, Secretary.

PUBLIC DEBT of NEW ZEALAND.—CONVERSION of £5,772,500 NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT FIVE PER CENT. CONSOLS. The Governor and Company of the Bank of England Give Notice that, on behalf of the agents appointed by the Governor of New Zealand in Council, under the New Zealand Consolidated Stock Act, 1877, the Amendment Act, 1881, and the Consolidated Stock Act, 1884 (Sir Francis Dillon Bell, K.C.M.G., and Sir James Fergusson, Goodchild, K.C.M.G., C.B.), they are authorised to invite holders of the debt of the above loan to bring in their debentures for conversion on the following terms, viz.: For every one hundred pounds of such debentures a new debenture will be issued for the same amount, bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, from April 15, 1885, to April 15, 1892, when it will be converted into New Zealand Four per Cent. Consolidated Stock inscribed at the Bank of England, which will rank par passu with the Four per Cent. Consolidated Stock already created and issued, and redeemable at par on the 1st November, 1929.
Applications for conversion will be received up to April 30th next, inclusive.
The interest upon the new debentures will be payable by coupons in the same manner as upon the Consol debentures—viz., January 15, April 15, July 15, and October 15, at the Bank of England, the first coupon being for the dividend due July 15 next.
Consol debentures, from which the coupon due April 15 next must be detached, may be deposited at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, for exchange on and after the 1st of August next, the 11th inst. They must be accompanied by three clear days for examination. Receipts will be given for the debentures deposited, and the new debentures will be issued in exchange as soon after as possible.
The usual annual drawing for redemption of the Consols will take place on Tuesday, 1st March next; debentures deposited before that date will not be affected by the drawing. Holders of Consol Debentures drawn for redemption, in respect of which no application for conversion has been made, will be allowed to receive, in exchange for each drawn debenture, a new debenture as above, upon payment of the sum of 24 per cent., provided application be made before the 15th April next.
By the Act of 1884 and 41 Vict., ch. 59, the revenues of the colony of New Zealand alone will be liable in respect of the stock and the dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom, and the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the debt relating thereto.
Bank of England, 6th March, 1885.

SANJANA ESSENCE.
THE GREATEST NERVE RESTORER EVER KNOWN.
SANJANA ESSENCE enriches the Blood and removes all Blood Poisons.
SANJANA ESSENCE cures Dys- pepsia, Liver, and Kidney Complaints. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d.
SANJANA PILLS for Constipation, Biliousness, Flatulency, Indigestion, &c.
SANJANA PILLS for Constipation, Biliousness, Flatulency, Indigestion, &c.
SANJANA PILLS. A Single dose guaranteed effective. 9d., 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d.
SANJANA ESSENCE and PILLS. Order from your Chemist, or post free direct from the SANJANA COMPANY, Egham.
GRATIS AND POST FREE. The instructive and highly interesting Treatise on the Self Treatment of Diseases of the Nervous System, the Blood, and Digestive Organs, by Dr. Chas. Thomas, Ph.D.
SANJANA ESSENCE and PILLS. 28 years' success on the Continent! the most effective remedies for Self Treatment ever introduced! London Depot: WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford Street, W., or through any chemist.

A RED NOSE.—Nothing mars the good look of the face so much as this. ALEX. ROSS has a Remedy. 5s.; sent stamps. Remedy for Obesity, 5s.—21, Lamb's Conduit Street, London.
UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY. A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge
TAMAR For CONSTIPATION, Haemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion.
INDIEN Prepared by E. GRILLON, Chemist of the Paris Faculty, 69, QUEEN ST. City, London. Tamar, unlike Pills and the usual Purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation, nor interferes with business of course.
GRILLON. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists, 2s. 6d. a Box. Stamp included.

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous lozenges are sold by most respectable chemists in this country at 1s. 12d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking cough," "slight cold," or bronchial affections, must try them; too common, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious pulmonary and asthmatic affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.
PERSONAL.—To Stout Persons. Mr. RUSSELL will be pleased to send GRATIS to those needing it, his treatise, showing "How to Radically and Safely Cure Corpulency in either Sex," and, pleasantly and without semi-starvation, contains all the RECIPES and valuable information. Address, Mr. F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London.

TO ENSURE A CLEAR SKIN use SULPHOLINE LOTION every night for a week. It is a peculiar agreeable fluid, having the faculty of always producing a clear smooth skin by restoring its healthy action.
Sulpholine is sold by Chemists everywhere. Bottles 2s. 9d. each.

PEPPER'S QUININE and IRON TONIC strengthens the nerves and muscular system, improves digestion, stimulates the circulation, promotes appetite, animates the spirits, and thoroughly recruits the health. Bottles (thirty-two doses), 4s. 6d. each.
Sold by Chemists everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's Tonic.

A WIDOW LADY who has a large family entirely dependent upon her for support, earnestly entreats orders for Exquisite Art Embroidery or Paintings on Satin, or in fact any kind of artistic work. She would thankfully take half the value of the work in left-off clothing in fair condition. Fullest particulars and references gladly given. Address: J. V. LYN, Messrs. H. King and Co., Bankers and East India Agents, 65, Cornhill, London.

TO BE DISPOSED OF, a nearly new semi-grand PIANOFORTE, by Kirkman, in rosewood case, with trichord action. Splendid tone. Price 450s. less than half the original cost. Address: J. P. O'NEILL, 10, Essex Street, Strand, W.C. Contributions for the poorer District Committees can be paid to the District Committee Aid Fund of the Council.

VALUABLE FAMILY LACE. Real lace properly attended to should last for centuries. Ladies visiting Paris should confide their lace to Madame VALERIE WARTER, 15, Rue Bleue (next door to the Paris office of THE GRAPHIC). Work-rooms insured. Highest reference.
SPONGES! SPONGES!
WHY HAVE THEM FOUL, SOAPY, UNWHOLE SOME, CONTAGIOUS, & DIRTY, WHEN PENNYWORTH OF
EAU DEL TEB
CLEANSES A DOZEN PERFECTLY.
Of all Chemists, 1s. 6d. Bottle.

BIRTH.
On the 23rd inst., at 9, Montague Square, the Hon. Mrs. WILLIAM WARREN-VERNON, of a daughter.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
SUBSTANTIAL Artistic Furniture (REGD.)
OETZMANN & CO.,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.
CABINET DEPARTMENT.
New and Artistic Designs in every style of finishing and in all woods. Cabinets from £25 to £150. Dining Room Sideboards from £44 to £125. Dining Room Chairs from 18s. 6d. each. Dressing post free on application.—OETZMANN and CO., Hampstead Road.

THE "CANTERBURY" EBON. IZED CHIPPENDALE DRAWING ROOM SUITE, £16 10s., consisting of a large Cabinet, with two bevelled plates in 1st and 2nd decorated panel in door, an Octagon Centre Table, six Chairs and two Arm Chairs, covered in Silk, Roman Satin or Tapestry. Illustrations of the post free on application.—OETZMANN and CO., Hampstead Road.

BEDDING DEPARTMENT.
OETZMANN and CO.'S Stock of BEDDING, BEDDING, and BEDROOM FURNITURE is one of the Largest and Best in the Kingdom. Two more Show Rooms, each 24 ft. x 12 ft., have been added for the display of our latest designs for inspection.—OETZMANN and CO.

BEDDING DEPARTMENT.
OETZMANN and CO.'S Bedding is all manufactured on the premises, and warranted purest materials and workmanship, with all the improvements. Woven Spring Mattresses from 15s. 9d. Bedsteads from 8s. 6d. Black and Brass Bedsteads from 17s. 6d. Illustrated Catalogues post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

CHEAP BEDROOM SUITE, including the Furniture, Toilet Glass, Bedstead, Bedding, and Crockery, complete for £45. It has been introduced by O. and Co. for the purpose of furnishing should see this travel of cheapness.—OETZMANN and CO., Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNITURE.
OETZMANN and CO.
TURKEY CARPETS.—OETZ- MANN and CO.—Turkey, Indian, and Persian Carpets and Rugs, of best guaranteed quality, at greatly reduced prices, ranging from 15s. 9d. to 80 guineas. Curious, with 2000 different description, sent post free on application. 12 ft. x 12 ft. size of room required for. Prices will be found much below those usually charged. The carpet supplied. A quantity of Indian Rugs, 8 ft. x 12 ft., some very handsome ditto, at 55s. to 45s.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN & CO.—WINDSOR CARPETS. New Artistic Bordered and Fringed Seamless Carpets, of superior quality, of wool and reversible, made in all the new art designs, are very durable. A large assortment in all designs and sizes. Prices from 25s. each. The "Windsor" Bordered and Fringed Rugs, 6 ft. x 12 ft., suitable for hearth, dressing table, or bedside, 5s. 11d. each.

CARPETS.
OETZMANN & CO.
THE NEW "CAIRO" CURTAINS, three yards long by 50 inches wide, 12s. 6d. pair; 33 yards, 16s. 9d.; 4 yards, 18s. 9d. Handsome Reversible Tapestry Curtains in all the new and fashionable shades of colourings, three yards long by 51 inches wide, 25s.; 33 yards, 38s. 6d.; four yards, 31s. 6d. Patterns free on application.—OETZMANN and CO.

CURTAINS.
OETZMANN and CO.
MINTON TILE HEARTHS, various designs, any size, up to 4 ft. x 4 ft. 15s. 6d. Patterns on application. Kerb fenders, 2s. 6d. designs, from 15s. 6d.; brass fire irons, from 2s. 6d. per set. Brass fire-iron stands from 7s. 6d. per pair. OETZMANN and Co., Hampstead Road, N.W.

CRESTED DINNER SERVICES, either plain, white, or with edge and line, any plain colour, with crest or monogram. Seventy pieces, two guineas; 100 pieces, three guineas. Extra 100 pieces, 3s. 9d. per dozen. Designs free. Special quotations for large quantities. Superior quality Services by the best makers, from three to one hundred guineas.—OETZMANN and CO.

"GORDON" TOILET SERVICE.
New design in dark blue and white. Set, 4s. 6d., small size, 3s. 6d. Also the "Gordon" elegant shape and new design in rich colourings. Set, 5s. 6d. The cheapest Toilet Service ever offered. Illustrations post free.—OETZMANN and Co.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA, Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate POWDER GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA With excess of Fat extracted.
The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER," and invaluable for Invalids and Children.

Four times the strength of Cocoa Thickened with Weakness with Starch, &c., and really cheaper. Keeps for years in all climates. Requires no Cooking. A tea spoonful to a Breakfast Cup costing less than a halfpenny.
In tins, at 1s. 6d., 3s., &c., by Chemists, Grocers, &c.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER for Bread. Far superior to yeast.
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER for Cakes. Saves eggs and butter.
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER for Pastry. Sweet, light, and digestible.
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER for Puddings. Used by thousands of families.

CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY.—The Queen.
The object of this Society is the improvement of the condition of the poor—(1) by bringing about co-operation between the Charities and the Poor Law, and amongst the Charities; (2) by securing due investigation and fitting action in all cases; and (3) by repressing mendacity.
Committees (35) have been established throughout London.
CONTRIBUTIONS towards the expenses of the Council can be paid at the Central Office, 15, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, or to Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand, W.C. Contributions for the poorer District Committees can be paid to the District Committee Aid Fund of the Council.
CHARLES S. LOCH, Secretary.

YOUNG LADY, aged twenty-one, FULLY QUALIFIED by experience in a First Class Hotel, seeks a RE-ENGAGEMENT as MANAGERESS or BARMAID. Good appearance, excellent testimonials. A comfortable home more an object than salary.—Address: A. C. B., 48, Loamhit Vale, Lewisham, S.E.

BOOTLES' BABY: A NOVELETTE

By J. S. WINTER,

AUTHOR OF "CAVALRY LIFE" AND "REGIMENTAL LEGENDS"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. RALSTON

CHAPTER I.



WAS considerably after midnight when one of three officers seated at a whist-table in the mess-room of the Cavalry Barracks at Idleminster, where the Scarlet Lancers were quartered, called out, "Bootles, come and take a hand—there's a good chap."

Captain Algernon Ferrers, more commonly known as "Bootles," looked up.

"I don't mind if I do," he said, rising and moving toward them. "What do you want me to do? Who's my partner?"

The three other men stared at one another in surprise, for Bootles was one of the best whist-players in the regiment, and, in an ordinary way, would as soon have thought of counting honours as of settling the question of partners other than by cutting, except in the case of a revenge.

"Why, take a card, of course, my friend," laughed Lucy, in a ridiculously soft voice. Lucy was a recent importation from the White

Dragoons, and had taken possession of the place left vacant in Bootles' every-day life by Scott Laurie's marriage.

"Ah! yes; to be sure—cut, of course. I believe," said Bootles, looking at the three faces before him in an uncertain way; "I believe I've got a headache."

"Oh! nothing like whist for a headache," answered Hartog, turning up the last card. "Ace of diamonds." However, after stumbling through one game—after twice trumping his partner's trick, a revoke, and several such-like blunders—he rose to his feet.

"It's no use, you fellows—I'm no good to-night—I can't even see the cards. Get some one to take my place and make a fresh start."

"Why, you're ill, Bootles," cried Preston. "What is it?"

"It's a horrible headache," answered Bootles promptly. "Here's Miles—the very man. Good night."

"Good night," called the fellows after him. Then they settled down to their game, and Preston dealt.

"Never saw Bootles seedy before," said Lucy.

"Oh, yes! he gets these headaches sometimes," answered Hartog. "Not often, though—Miles, your lead."

Meantime Bootles went wearily away, almost feeling his road under the verandah of the mess-rooms, along the broad *pavé* in front of the officers' quarters, and up the wide flight of stone steps to his rooms facing the green of the barrack square. Being the senior captain, with only one bachelor field-officer in the regiment, he had two large and pleasant rooms, not very grandly furnished, for, though a rich man, he was not an extravagant one, and saw no fun in having costly goods and chattels to be at the tender mercies of soldier servants; but they were neat, clean, and comfortable, with a sufficiency of great easy travelling chairs, plenty of fur rugs, and lots of pretty little pictures and knick-knacks.

The fire in his sitting-room was fast dying out, but a bright and cheerful blaze illumined his sleeping room, shining on the brass knobs of his cot, on the silver ornamentations at the corners of his dressing-case, on the three or four scent-bottles on the tall cretonne-petticoated toilette-table, and on the tired but resplendent figure of Bootles himself.

He dragged the big chair pretty near to the fire, and dropped into it with a sigh of relief, absolutely too sick and weary to think about getting into bed just then. As Hartog had said, sometimes these headaches seized him, but it did not happen often—in fact, he had not had one for more than a year—quite often enough, he said.

Well, he had been lying in the big and easy chair, his eyes shut and his hands hanging idly over the broad straps which served for arms, for perhaps half-an-hour, when to his surprise he heard a soft rustling movement behind him. His first, and not unnatural thought, was that the fellows had come to "draw" him, so, without moving, he called out, "Oh! confound it all, don't come boring a poor wretch with a headache. By Jove, it's cruelty to animals, neither more nor less."

The soft rustling ceased, and Bootles closed his eyes again, with a devout prayer that they would in response to this appeal take themselves off. But presently it began again, accompanied by a sound which made his heart jump almost into his mouth and beat so furiously as to be simply suffocating. It stopped—was repeated—"The—DEVIL," muttered Bootles.

But it was not the Devil at all—more like a little angel in truth, for, after a moment's irresolution, he sprang from his chair and faced the horror behind him. It really was a horror to him, for there, sitting up among the pillows of the cot, with the clothes pushed back, was a baby, a baby whose short golden curls shone in the firelight—a little child dressed in white, with a pair of wide open, wondering eyes, as bright as stars and as blue as sapphires. Bootles stood in dismay staring at it.

"Where, in the name of all that's wonderful, did you come from?" he asked aloud, keeping at a safe distance lest it should suddenly start howling.

But the little stranger did not howl, on the contrary, as its bewildered eyes fell upon Bootles' resplendent figure, his gold-laced scarlet jacket and gold embroidered waistcoat of white velvet, his gold-laced overalls and jingling spurs, it stretched out its little arms, and cried, "Boo, boo, boo—!"

Bootles took a step back in his surprise, and his headache vanished, as if by magic.

"By—Jove!" he exclaimed.

"Boo—Boo—Boo!" crowed the usurper of the cot, cheerily.

Bootles went a step nearer. "Why, you're a queer little animal," he remarked. "Where did you come from, eh?"

The "queer little animal" suddenly changed its tone, and started another system of crowing more triumphant and cheery than the first.

"Chucka—chucka—chucka—chuck!" it went. Bootles began to laugh. "Can't talk—hey? Well, what do you want?" as it struggled fiercely to rise, and stretched out its small arms more impatiently than before. "Want to be lifted up, hey? Oh, but dash it," scratching his head perplexedly. "I can't lift you up, you know—it's out of the question—impossible. By Jove, I might let you drop and smash you."

"Chucka—chucka—chucka! Boo—oo—oo!" gobbled the baby, as if it was the best joke in the world.

This amused Bootles.

"You don't mind? Well, come along then," approaching very gingerly, and wondering where he should begin to get hold of it, so to speak.

The baby soon settled that question, holding out its arms towards his neck. Then somehow he gathered it up, and carried it in doubt and trepidation to the big chair by the fire, where the creature sat contentedly upon his knee, the curly golden head resting against his scarlet jacket, the soft fingers of one baby hand tight twined round one of his, the other picking and wandering aimlessly about the scrolls and curves of the gold embroidery on his waistcoat.

"By Jove, you're a jolly little chap," said Bootles, just as if it could understand him. "But the question is, where did you come from, and what's to be done with you? You can't stop here, you know."

The babe's big blue eyes raised themselves to his, and the fingers which had been twined round his made a grab at his watch chain.

"Gar—gar—garr—rah!" it remarked, in such evident delight that Bootles laughed again.

"Oh! You like it, do you? Well, you're a funny little creature—no mistake about that. I wonder who you belong to and where you live when you are at home? Can't be a barrack child—too dainty-

looking, and not slobbery enough. And this dress," taking hold of the richly-embroidered white skirt, "this must have cost a lot, and it's all lace too."

He knew what embroidery cost by his own mess-waistcoats and his tunics. Then, not only was the dress of the child of a very costly description, but its sleeves were tied up with Cambridge blue ribbons that were evidently new, and its waist was encircled by a broad sash of the same material and tint. Altogether, it was just such a child as he was occasionally called upon to admire in the houses of his married brother officers—yet that any lady in the regiment would lend her baby for a whole night to a set of harum-scarum young fellows for the purpose of playing a trick on a brother officer was manifestly absurd. And, besides that, Bootles was so good-natured, and such a favourite with the ladies of the regiment, that he thought he knew all their babies by sight, and he became afraid that this one was indeed a little stranger in the land, welcome or unwelcome.



Yet, if it was the fellows' doing, where had they got it? And if it was not the fellows' doing, why should any one leave a baby asleep in his cot? The whole thing was inexplicable.

Just then the child, in playing with his chain, slipped a little on the smooth cloth of his overalls, and Bootles, with a "Whoa—whoa, my lad!" hauled it up again. In doing so he felt a piece of paper rustle somewhere about the embroidered skirt.

"A note! This grows melodramatic," said Bootles, craning his head to find it. "Oh! here we are. Now we shall see."

The note was written in a firm, large, yet thoroughly feminine hand, and ran thus:

"You will not absolve me from my oath of secrecy respecting our marriage, though now that I have offended you, I may starve or go to the workhouse. I cannot break my oath, though you have broken all yours, but I am determined that you shall acknowledge your child. I am going to leave her to-night in your rooms with her clothes. By midnight I shall be out of the country. I do this because I have obtained a good situation, and because when I reach my destination I shall have spent my last shilling. I give you fair warning, however, that if you desert the child, or fail to acknowledge her, I will break my oath and proclaim our marriage. If you engage a nurse she will not be much trouble. She is a good and sweet-tempered child, and I have called her Mary, after your dear mother. Oh! how she would pity me if she could see me now. Farewell!"

From that moment Bootles absolved "the fellows" from any share in the affair; but what to do with the child he had not the least idea.

"It is the very Devil," he said aloud, watching the busy fingers still playing with his chain.

He gathered it awkwardly in his arms, and rose to look for the clothing spoken of in the letter.

Yes, there it was, a parcel of goodly size, wrapped in a stout brown paper cover, and on the chair beside his cot lay the outdoor garments of a young child—a white coat bordered with fur—a fur-trimmed cap, and some other things, which Bootles did not quite under-

stand the use of—white wool fingerless gloves—at least he did not know what else they could be—and some longer things of the same class, like stockings without feet.

Bootles shook his head in bewilderment. "Mother means it to stop—I don't know what to do," he said, helplessly.

It occurred to him then that, perhaps, some of the fellows might be able to make a suggestion. He did not know what to do with the child for the night, nor, for the matter of that, what to do with it for the moment. He had the sense not to take it out into the chill midnight air, and when he attempted to put it back into the cot it rebelled, clinging to his watch-chain with might and main.

"Well, have it then," he said, slipping it off.

The baby, pleased with the glittering toy, set up a cry of delight, and Bootles took the opportunity of slipping out. He entered the anteroom with a very rueful face, finding it pretty much as he had left it. Lucy was the first to catch sight of him.

"Hollo, Bootles! What's the mat-tah?" he asked. "Is your head worse?"

"My head? Oh, I forgot all about it," Bootles replied. "But, I say, I'm in a mess. There's a baby in my room."

"A WHAT?" they cried with one voice.

Lucy looked at him for a moment, and then she burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" he asked.

"You're a funny little creature—no mistake about that. I wonder who you belong to and where you live when you are at home? Can't be a barrack child—too dainty-

looking, and not slobbery enough. And this dress," taking hold of the richly-embroidered white skirt, "this must have cost a lot, and it's all lace too."

He knew what embroidery cost by his own mess-waistcoats and his tunics. Then, not only was the dress of the child of a very costly description, but its sleeves were tied up with Cambridge blue ribbons that were evidently new, and its waist was encircled by a broad sash of the same material and tint. Altogether, it was just such a child as he was occasionally called upon to admire in the houses of his married brother officers—yet that any lady in the regiment would lend her baby for a whole night to a set of harum-scarum young fellows for the purpose of playing a trick on a brother officer was manifestly absurd. And, besides that, Bootles was so good-natured, and such a favourite with the ladies of the regiment, that he thought he knew all their babies by sight, and he became afraid that this one was indeed a little stranger in the land, welcome or unwelcome.

Yet, if it was the fellows' doing, where had they got it? And if it was not the fellows' doing, why should any one leave a baby asleep in his cot? The whole thing was inexplicable.

Just then the child, in playing with his chain, slipped a little on the smooth cloth of his overalls, and Bootles, with a "Whoa—whoa, my lad!" hauled it up again. In doing so he felt a piece of paper rustle somewhere about the embroidered skirt.

"A note! This grows melodramatic," said Bootles, craning his head to find it. "Oh! here we are. Now we shall see."

The note was written in a firm, large, yet thoroughly feminine hand, and ran thus:

"You will not absolve me from my oath of secrecy respecting our marriage, though now that I have offended you, I may starve or go to the workhouse. I cannot break my oath, though you have broken all yours, but I am determined that you shall acknowledge your child. I am going to leave her to-night in your rooms with her clothes. By midnight I shall be out of the country. I do this because I have obtained a good situation, and because when I reach my destination I shall have spent my last shilling. I give you fair warning, however, that if you desert the child, or fail to acknowledge her, I will break my oath and proclaim our marriage. If you engage a nurse she will not be much trouble. She is a good and sweet-tempered child, and I have called her Mary, after your dear mother. Oh! how she would pity me if she could see me now. Farewell!"

From that moment Bootles absolved "the fellows" from any share in the affair; but what to do with the child he had not the least idea.

"It is the very Devil," he said aloud, watching the busy fingers still playing with his chain.

He gathered it awkwardly in his arms, and rose to look for the clothing spoken of in the letter.

"A baby!" repeated Bootles, dismally.

"Al—ive?" asked Lucy, with his head on one side.

"Alive! Oh, very, very much so, and means to stop, for it has brought its entire wardrobe and a letter of introduction with it," holding the letter for any one to take who chose. It was Lucy who did so, and he asked if he should read it out?

"Yes, do," said Bootles, dropping into a chair, with a groan. "Perhaps some one else will own to it."

So Lucy read the letter in his ridiculous drawl of a voice, and ceased amid profound silence—"Fa-ah-well!"

"Well?" said Bootles, finding no one seemed inclined to speak; "Well?"

"Well?" said Preston, solemnly, "if you want *my* opinion, Bootles, I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

A general laugh followed, but Bootles protested.

"Oh! don't imagine it's me. I've nothing to do with it. I shouldn't have come to you fellows if I had."

"No, no. Of course not!" returned Miles, promptly, but with an air which raised another shout.

"Then it's a plant," announced Preston, in a tone of conviction.

"Of course it's a plant," cried Bootles; "but why in the wide world should it be planted on me?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed Miles, feelingly.

"Besides," Bootles continued, "some of you knew my mother, and that her name was not Mary but Margaret."

Now as several of those present had known Lady Margaret Ferrers very well, that was a strong point in favour of Preston's assertion that the affair was a plant. The chief question, however, was what could be done with the little stranger for that night. Some woman, of course, must look after it, but who? It was then after two o'clock, and the lights had been out hours ago in the married people's quarters. Bootles did not know what to do, and said so.

"Is it in your room now?" Preston asked.

"Yes."

"Where did you find it?"

"In my cot."

"The deuce you did. I wonder you weren't frightened out of your very wits."

"I nearly was," Bootles admitted.

"Did you see it at once? Was it howling?"

"Howling? Not a bit of it. Never saw a jollier little thing in all my life."

"Oh," ejaculated Miles, blankly. "I say, you fellows, don't that sound to you very much like the proud Pap—ah?"

"You fellows" all laughed at this, even the perplexed Bootles, and Hartog asked a question.

"Did you see it directly, Bootles?"

"Oh, no. Not for half-an-hour or more."

"What on earth did you do?"

"Why, I looked at it, of course. What would you have done?"

"Did you touch it?"

Bootles laughed. "Yes, by Jove, the little animal came to me like a bird."

"Great gods!" uttered Miles, "and you can doubt the fatherliness of that?"

"Oh, what an ass you are," returned Hartog, then, as if by a bright inspiration, suggested, "I say, let's go and have a look at it."

Thereupon the assembled officers, five of them, trooped along the way Bootles had stumbled over alone in the blindness of his now forgotten headache. The baby was still in the cot, contentedly playing with the watch and chain, and at the sight of the five resplendent figures it set up a loud "Boo—boo—boo—ing," following by a "Chucka—chucka—chucka—ing." Evidently it considered this was the Land of Goshen.

"Seems to take after its mother in its love for a scarlet jacket," remarked Miles, sententially. "I've heard that the child is father of the man—seems of the woman, too."

"Bootles," said Lucy, gravely, "isn't it very pretty?"

"Yes, poor little thing."

"Let's see you nurse it," cried Hartog.

So Bootles, proud of this new accomplishment, lifted the child awkwardly in his arms, pretty much as he might have done if it had been a sackful of eggs, and he had made a wager he wouldn't break one of them. He carried it to the fire.

"Just light the candles, one of you," he said.

"It's the image of Bootles," persisted Miles.

"Well, it isn't mine, except by deed of gift," returned Bootles with a laugh.

"Bootles," said Lucy, "look back over your past life—"

Here he made a pause.

"Well?" said Bootles expectantly.

"Twry to think if you can trace any likeness to some early love, who may have married—or for that matter, *not* have married—some one else and—er—wremembering your kind heart—for you have a dashed kind heart, Bootles, there's no denying it—may have found herself hard up or too much encumbered—for—er—you know, a babay is sometimes an awkward addition to a lady's belongings—and may have trusted to your—er—general—well, shall we say softness of chawracter to see it well pprovided for—er—see?"

"No, I don't. Of course, I see you what you mean, but I can't—"

"Well—er—" Lucy broke in, "I—er—pewraps was not thinking so much of *your* case as of my own. You see," appealing to the other three, "the advent of this—er—babay cwreates a precedent, and—er—if it should chance to occur to *my* first love—it would be awkward—for me, very awkward. Her name," plunging headlong into a story they all knew, "was Naomi, and—er—she—er—in fact, jilted me for an elephantine parson, whose reverend name was—er—Fligg, Solomon Fligg. Now, if Mrs.—er—Solomon Fligg was to take it into her head to pack up the—er—eleven little Fliggs and send 'em to me—it would be what I should call awkward—devilish awkward." Lucy's four hearers laughed, and the baby on Bootles' knee chuckled and crowed with delight.

"I believe it understands," Preston laughed.

"No. But it seems a jolly little chap," answered Bootles. "Oh, I forgot, 'tis a girl. I say, I do wish you fellows would advise me what to do. How can I get any one to attend to it?"

"Oh, roll it up in the bed-clothes and sleep on the sofa. It will go to sleep when it's tired," said one.

"With its clothes on?" said Bootles doubtfully. "I rather fancy they undress babies when they put 'em to bed."

"I don't advise you to try. Oh, it won't hurt for to-night."

"There's a cab just driven up. I believe it's the Grays. I saw them go out dressed before dinner," said Hartog. The Grays were the Adjutant and his wife, who lived in barracks. "She would help you in a minute."

"Oh; go and see, there's a good chap," Bootles cried eagerly. Hartog therefore went out. He found that it was the Adjutant with his wife returning from a party, and to the lady he addressed himself.

"Oh, Mrs. Gray, Bootles is in such trouble," he began.

"In trouble? Bootles? Captain Ferrers?" she said. "What is the matter?"

"Well, he's got a baby," Hartog answered.

"Got WHAT?" Mrs. Gray cried.

"A baby. It's been left in his rooms, clothes and all, and Bootles don't know what the de—, what in the world, I mean, to do with it."

"Shall I go in and see it?" Mrs. Gray asked.

"I wish you would. Some of the others are there."

Well, eventually Mrs. Gray carried off the little stranger to her own quarters, and put it to bed. As for Bootles, he too went to bed, but during the whole of that blessed night he never slept a wink.



Chapter II

WHEN Bootles showed his face in the mess room the following morning he was greeted by such a volley of chaff as would have driven a more nervous man, or one less of a favourite than himself, to despair. Already the story had gone the round of the barracks, and Bootles found the greater part of his brother officers ready and willing to take Miles's view of the affair, whether in chaff or downright good earnest he could not say.

"Hollo, Bootles, my man," shouted one when he entered. "What's this story we hear? Is it possible that Bootles—our immaculate and philanthropical Bootles—oh, Bootles, Bootles, how are the mighty fallen!"

"Hey?" inquired Bootles sweetly.

"I wouldn't have believed it of you, Bootles, I wouldn't indeed. Any other fellow in the regiment—that soft-headed Lucy grinning over there, for instance—but *our* Bootles—" He broke off as if words could not express the volumes he thought, but found his tongue, and went on again before Bootles could open his mouth. "Our Bootles with an unacknowledged wife, sworn not to disclose her marriage—our Bootles with a baby—our Bootles a Papa! Oh lor!"

"Why didn't you manage better, Bootles?" cried another. "You might have sent her an odd fiver now and then. You have plenty."

"Is she pretty, Bootles?" asked a third.

"Was there by any chance a flaw in the marriage?" inquired a fourth.

"Do you think I'm a fool?" asked Bootles, pleasantly. "I tell you it's a plant. I know nothing about the creature."

"Just my view," struck in Miles. "Just what I said last night. It's absurd you know to expect him to own it. No fellow would. Besides, does Bootles look like the father of a fine bouncing baby that goes 'Chucka, chucka, chuck!' It's absurd, you know."

Even Bootles joined in the laugh which followed, and Miles continued:—

"The only thing is—and it really is awkward for Bootles—the extraordinary likeness. Blue eyes, golden hair, fair complexion. I should say myself," looking at his comrade critically, "that at the same age Bootles was just such a baby as that which turned up so mysteriously last night."

"That's as may be. Anyway, the youngster is not mine," said Bootles, emphatically. "And what to do with the little creature I don't know."

"Send it back to its mother," suggested Dawson.

"But I don't know who the mother is," Bootles answered impatiently.

"Oh, no; so you say. Well, then, the brat must have grown, like Topsy. If I were you, I should send it to the police-station."

"The police-station? Oh, no; hang it all, the poor little mite has done nothing to start the world in that way," Bootles answered.

"Did any of you," asked Miles, of the general company, "ever hear of a chap called Solomon?"

"I—er—did," answered Lucy, promptly. "His other name was—er—Fligg. The Reverend Solomon Fligg."

"Oh, we've all heard of him! But I meant a rather more celebrated person. There is a story about him—I rather think it's in Proverbs." This raised a laugh. "Not Proverbs? Well, perhaps it's in the Song of Solomon. It's about two mothers, who each had a baby, and one of them managed to smother hers in the night, and finding it dead when she woke up in the morning, claimed the other baby. Of course the other woman kicked up a row, and they came before Solomon to get the matter settled."

"Both claim it?" said he. "Then chop it in half, and let each have a share—"

"But you all know the rest. How the real mother gave up her claim sooner than see the child halved. Now in this case, you see, Bootles hasn't the heart to send the child off to the police-station, as he would if—"

"Here's the Colonel," said some one at this point, and in less than two seconds he appeared.

"Why, Ferrers," he said, "I've been hearing a queer tale about you."

"Yes, sir," said Bootles, dismally; "and where it will end I don't know! Here am I saddled—"

"Well, of course you know whether the child has any claim upon you," the Colonel began.

"Upon my honour it has not, Colonel," said Bootles, earnestly.

"Then that, of course, settles the question," replied the Colonel, with a frown at the grinning faces along the table. "I should send the child to the workhouse immediately."

"The workhouse?" repeated Bootles, reflectively.

"I'll bet any one a fiver he don't," murmured Miles to his neighbours.

"Not he. Madame la Mère knew what she was doing when she picked out Bootles. He'll get one of the sergeants' wives to look after it; see if he don't."

After the chief had left the room, Bootles continued his breakfast in silence, considering the two suggestions for the disposal of the child. Now, if the truth be told, Bootles had a horror of work-houses. He had gone deeply into the "Casual" question, and pitied a tramp from the very inmost recesses of his kind heart. It fairly made him sick to think of that bonny golden head growing up among the shorn and unlovely locks of a pauper brood—to think of the little soft fingers that had twined themselves so confidently about his own, and had picked at the embroideries of his mess-waistcoat, being slapped by the matron, or set as soon as they should be strong enough to do coarse and hard work, to develop into the unnaturally coarsened and neglected hand of a "Marchioness"—to think of that little dainty thing being nourished on skilly, or on whatever hard fare pauper children are fed—to think of that little aristocrat being brought up among the children of thieves and vagabonds!

"Oh, confound it all!" he broke out. "I can't."

"I never expected you could," retorted Miles. "It wouldn't be natural if you did."

This time Bootles did not laugh; on the contrary, he looked up and regarded Miles with a grave and searching gaze, rather disconcerting to that quizzical young gentleman.

"Are you judging me out of your own bushel?" he asked.

"How? What do you mean?" Miles stammered.

"Do you happen to know anything of the matter?" Bootles persisted.

"I? Oh, no. On my honour, I don't."

"Ah! As the Colonel said just now, that settles the question. You're a very witty fellow, Miles, very. I shouldn't wonder, after a while, if you don't become the sharp man of the regiment. Only your jokes are like the clown's jokes at the circus—one gets to know them. But when one has been to the circus half-a-dozen times somehow one don't see anything to laugh at."

For grace's sake Miles was obliged to laugh, as indeed every one else did, except Bootles, who went on speaking very gravely:—

"I know it's very amusing to make a joke of the affair, to say that I know more about it than I will confess. I have told the Colonel *on my honour* that the child is not mine. Nor do I know whose it is. If it were mine I should not have made the story public property—it's not in reason that I should. My difficulty is what to do with it. The Colonel suggests the workhouse, Dawson the police station—one simply means the other, and I can't bring myself to do it. It is an awful thing for the child even of a tramp or a thief to be reared in a workhouse—and this is no common person's child. For anything I know it may belong to one of you."

"That's true enough," observed a man who had not yet taken part in the discussion, except to laugh now and then. "But remember, Bootles, if you saddle yourself with the child you will have to go on with it. It will stick to you like a burr, and though we are all ready to accept your word of honour, the world may not do so. If you put the brat out to nurse in the regiment the story may crop up years hence, just when you least desire or expect it, and, you know, a story—mixed and confused by time and repetition—about a deserted wife, may come to have a very ugly sound about it. Now if, as the Colonel suggests, you send the child to the workhouse, you wash your hands of the whole business. Then again, if the brat is brought up in the regiment, with the *disadvantage* of your protection, what will she be in twenty years' time? Neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring. Far better the oblivion of pauperism than the distinction among the men of being Captain Ferrers—shall we say *protégé*?"

"Yes. There's a great deal in that," Bootles admitted. He had at all times a great respect for Harkness, and profound faith in the soundness of his judgment. He saw at once that any plan of bringing the child up among the married people of the regiment would not do, and yet—the workhouse!

He rose from the table and settled his forage-cap upon his head. "I daresay you fellows will laugh at me," he said, almost desperately, as he pulled the chin strap over his moustache. "but I can't condemn that helpless thing to the workhouse—I *can't*, and that's all about it. It seems to me," he went on, rubbing the end of his whip on the back of a chair, and looking at no one, "it seems to me that the child's future in this world and the next depends upon the course I take now. And you may laugh at me—I daresay you will," he said, with an unusual nervousness. "but I shall get a proper nurse to take charge of it, and I shall keep it myself—until some one turns up to claim it—or—for good."

Just then officers' call sounded, and Bootles made a clean bolt of it, leaving his brother-officers staring amazedly at one another. The first of them to make a move was Lucy, the first, too, to speak.

"Upon my soul," said he, "Bootles is a fine fellow, and hang it all," he added, getting very red, and scarcely drawing, in his intense rage of admiration, "if there were a few more fellows in the world like him, it would be a vewry different place to what it is."

(To be continued)



"THE Australian Handbook and Shippers' and Importers' Directory for 1885, incorporating New Zealand, Fiji, and New Guinea" (Gordon and Gotch, London and Australia), is not only wonderfully complete as a directory, but also gives a brief history of the marvellous growth and a summary of the present position of each colony, with a sketch of the physical geography of the various districts into which it is divided. In the almanac it is startling to find entries like "First Victoria Petty Sessions" and "First Bendigo Gold Escort," along with Bull Run and St. Swithin (why is St. Swithin given, and St. Matthias, &c., while St. Peter, St. James, &c., are left out?). To New Guinea are devoted eleven pages. There are very excellent maps and plans, and the Customs' tariffs, so important in that Paradise of Protection, are fully given. All this is done in a way that is most creditable to every one concerned. One of the most remarkable facts is the great prosperity of Queensland; its railways pay and its finances show a large surplus.

Besides a classified list with particulars of Companies, "Burdett's Official Intelligence for 1885, Fourth Year" (Effingham Wilson; Couchman), contains a full account of the railways of the United Kingdom and Colonies, and also of American and foreign railways, and of English (including Corporation) and Foreign stocks. The appendix gives a complete list of banks and insurance companies; and the introduction summarises last year's railway, dock, and similar Acts, and gives for the use of trustees an abstract of the law of investment, &c. The exhaustive index is a great help. The work has the sanction of the Committee of the Stock

Exchange; and Mr. Burdett's position gives him access to the records of which his book may be looked on as a *précis*. Next year he promises a sketch of the financial history and position of our Colonies.

Every clergyman knows that his real *crux* is how to get hold of the boys. In this difficult work we feel sure that the Rev. R. H. Brennan, Vicar of Grays, and Chaplain of the *Exmouth*, must have an unusual measure of success. If anything could "fetch" lads on whom the average sermon makes absolutely no impression it would be these searching, and at the same time thoroughly interesting "Words to Sailorboys on Sunday Mornings" (Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge). They are straightforward, simple, and forcible, and above all, full of such well-chosen anecdotes that attention is sure to be roused and not allowed to flag. We commend them as models to those who have to talk to boys of other classes.

During the Franco-Prussian War the French were proverbially ignorant of the geography of their own country; if the three bulky and admirably illustrated books before us can command any large number of readers, they will for the future be a guarantee against French ignorance of that of other countries. The "Tour du Monde" (Hachette) was in its twenty-fourth year in 1883, and carries on simultaneously a number of interesting travel-articles. This rare medley of some 800 quarto pages is full of woodcuts by Vignal, G. Vuillier, E. Klaus, P. Langlois, Riou, Chapuis, Barclay, and other well-known artists. It is curious to find not a word about Tonkin or Madagascar, or indeed any French colony except Senegal. The half-yearly "Revue Géographique," by MM. Maunoir and Duveyrier, gives a quasi-scientific character to the volume. All the illustrations are so good that, if we specially notice the reproductions of Madame Dieulafoy's photographs of Persian buildings, it is because to most of us they are more novel than pictures of African and American natives.

Commandant Gallieini's "Voyage au Soudan Français (Haut Niger et Pays de Segou)" (Hachette) won for M. Gallieini the gold medal of the Paris Geographical Society and a diploma from the Geographical Congress of 1882. The dedication to General de l'Isle, who succeeded General Faidherbe as Governor of Senegal, and who, "taking for his motto le go-ahead des Américains," nearly doubled the exports and imports and did a great deal of sanitary work as well, shows how highly some of our neighbours value their West African colony. M. Gallieini hopes to extend French influence to Kabara, the port of Timbuctoo. He only got to Nango, near Segou, hindered by fever and by the proverbial fickleness of African chiefs. His book is delightful reading; the battle of Dio and the forced march across the wall-like divide between the Senegal and Niger valleys is told in the most spirited style. He was only saved by "the glorious fidelity of his Senegal spahis and other blacks," and by the fact that the natives did not fight at night. His disappointment at finding Bamako not a great town but a poor village reminds us of the closing lines in Lord Tennyson's "Timbuctoo." The Arab slave dealer is almost as prominent in the Western as in the Eastern Soudan; yet coffee-coloured tribes like the Birgos are beaten by blacks like the Toucouloirs. It is a pity that in the map the routes of former travellers are all coloured the same. One would like to see at a glance what road Mungo Park (still remembered by some natives whom Gallieini met) traversed. The book would make an admirable prize for a boy fond of French and of geographical research.

Part X. of Elisée Réclus' "Nouvelle Géographie Universelle" (Hachette) is specially interesting just now, because it contains Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, and the Egyptian Soudan. M. Réclus' well-won fame as a geographer is warrant for the thoroughness of the work. Even he does not attempt to settle the vexed question: Who are the aborigines of that chaos of races the Soudan. Nearly all the present inhabitants are traditionally immigrants from Arabia; only a few families round Kassala claim to be really natives. The influence of old Egypt has by no means died out among "these obscure peoples of the Upper Nile Basin." It is specially strong among the Berta and other tribes on the Blue Nile. One is startled to see Metemmh and the neighbouring places coolly discussed in a geographical treatise, and to have a portrait of the Kadi of Khartoum. This and the other illustrations are very good. Those of Egypt have a stamp of reality often wanting in the woodcuts of Egyptian travel-books. M. Réclus' graphic style makes the whole of these 600 pages pleasant reading. His picture of the Upper Nile valley, where the zone of cultivation is sometimes limited to a width of twenty yards, is striking. The work is brought quite up to date; our employment of Canadian voyageurs on the Cataracts being noticed, and also the termination at Wady Sarras of the railway which is to turn those hindrances to transit.

Of all the late M. About's books most people think "L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée" (Hachette) much the best. Anyhow it well deserves an *édition de luxe*, and Courboin's sixty-one sketches, big and little, just suit the weird story. Perhaps the best of the illustrations is that in which Fongas, resuscitated by the careful manipulation of good Dr. Nibor, uses his restored vitality to drive out, chair in hand, the doctor and the friends, medical and non-medical, who had crowded in to watch the proceedings; here and elsewhere the *verve* of Courboin's woodcuts is quite equal to that of M. About's letterpress. Poor Fongas, in the short month that he spends under the Second Empire, finds out only too unmistakably "qu'un homme doit vivre avec son époque. Plus tard, c'est trop tard."

We have had so many English books about mining adventure that "Off to California" (Wells Gardner), adapted from the Flemish of Hendrik Conscience, is an interesting change. Mr. Cobb, author of "The Watchers on the Longships," has done his adapting admirably; and everybody knows he would not have wasted his efforts on a foolish book. Conscience's advice to those about to go gold-digging is "Don't;" but certainly the adventures that his Antwerp pass through are unusually discouraging. It is not every set of miners whose gettings are cruelly stolen by one of their number while most of them are prostrated with illness. The thief, indeed, is duly robbed and killed by Indians; and deliverance comes in the shape of a helpful Englishman and a Mexican doctor.

Mr. H. N. Oxenham's articles were always looked for in the middle of the *Saturday Review*. They largely helped to give that part of the paper its peculiar flavour. A Balliol scholar who has become a Liberal Catholic does not look at things from quite the point of view of the common run of mankind. His position certainly adds point to Mr. Oxenham's strictures on Mr. Herbert Spencer and the scientists generally, while his training enables him to deliver his home thrusts with exasperating neatness. But he does not confine his onslaught to the scientists; Mr. Mallock comes in for it as well. Indeed, his position is a good deal like that of the mediæval scholar who supports his theories against all comers, and who argues in turn on every side of a question. There is more definite purpose in the essays "On Cruelty" (in which the vivisectionists are attacked) and in the "Plea for Casuistry" than in most of these "Short Studies, Ethical and Religious" (Chapman and Hall), which those who read them as they came out will be very glad to read again with occasional additions. We wish Mr. Oxenham had thought it worth while to correct trivial errors, such as Heraclitus being the *laughing* philosopher.

It would be unfair to call Mr. T. Mozley a clerical Charles Greville; but he certainly sometimes says things which no one would like to say, but which everybody is very glad to read. He would like to say, but which everybody is very glad to read. He is a *littérateur* (he narrowly escaped, he tells us, being Editor of the *Morning Post* when Praed resigned), and his "Reminiscences, Chiefly of Towns, Villages, and Schools" (Longmans), sometimes

betray the *littérateur's* indifference to people's feelings. The four chapters on Mr. G. and Mr. T. Spencer will be a feast for those who care less for Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy than for his antecedents. Mr. Mozley also pokes a good deal of fun—harmless in this case—at his brothers; and his pictures of old Gainsborough, and of Derby as it was more than sixty years ago, and of the Charterhouse under Dr. Russell, will not only delight his few contemporaries, but are a distinct addition to English literature. Moreton-Pinckney and Cholderton, however, did not furnish matter for two volumes; so Mr. Mozley adds several chapters on such abstruse subjects as Sabellianism in the Church of England, the Infinite, the Athanasian Creed; nor has he shrunk from discussing the Church's relation to Dissent, at the cost of discovering that her bearing is "in-incere, double-minded, double-tongued, and hypocritical." What this *enfant terrible* of the Establishment says is, as those who know his earlier volumes are aware, always worth reading, though now and then we almost feel sorry that it was written.

A new edition of "England's Royal Home," by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. (*Home Words* Office), has lately been published. It contains a good deal of fresh matter, and will be of great interest to the thousands who like to know all they can learn about the sayings and doings of the Royal Family. We understand that the Queen has expressed her approbation of this volume.

AROUND HAMPSTEAD

MANY years have passed away since Joanna Baillie and Leigh Hunt sang the beauties of Hampstead, and roamed the breezy meadows of the northern suburb. It would surprise Keats and Shelley to behold the wondrous change in the suburb now. The walks of their day are now studded with rows of villas in the Gothic and Queen Anne's style, with their miniature panes of glass and æsthetic green paint, and the railway cuts through the heart of those delightful scenes where once the old stage-coach rumbled on towards the northern heights. And many of the old associations that link us to the past of Hampstead have disappeared, or are fast fading from our midst; the old clubs, the Kit-Kat foremost among many; the old hostelry, made famous by the shades of Dicky Steele and Alexander Pope; and the pleasure-grounds where our dear ancestors revelled.

But Hampstead is still famous, and what has made her so is the number of great writers who have found a shelter there. It has always been the favourite haunts of poets, and there, beneath giant oaks and shady elms, they have become imbued with the true feeling of poetry. And what grander spot could they have selected for their poetical pursuits and sublime thoughts? Here, in the sweet seclusion of the Vale of Health, three great masters of the art of song gave birth to their poetical effusions, and sang the beauties of Hampstead. Shelley, Keats, and Leigh Hunt might well be dubbed "a singing trinity;" but they had already been introduced to the world by the *Quarterly Review* as the "cockney poets." Never did parent love child as these three immortal bards loved this birthplace of song. Leigh Hunt would roam about the green meadows in summer with a "Parnaso" or a Spenser under his arm, and thus would he survey with enraptured eye the scenes of Nature; and then, turning to his book, find her beauties also recorded in the Italian page. These are the little volumes that cheered him during his confinement in Horsemerger Lane Gaol.

In Hampstead Ponds the immortal Shelley sailed his tiny boats, to the great amusement of his brother bards. And in Well Walk, beneath the shadow of the elms, was the favourite seat of John Keats, where he would sit and gaze across the meadows with straining eyes, as if he could catch some faint glimpse of that Promised Land to which he was swiftly journeying. Poor Keats! It was here that the song of the nightingale penetrated his soul, and drew from him his beautiful "Ode;" it was here that Coleridge saw him, and felt that hand in which the author of "Christabel" said there was death. Never more will Hampstead know such distinguished visitors, for its glories and sylvan retreats are now almost forgotten. Leigh Hunt was ever ready with his pen in describing the scenery of Hampstead and Highgate, and the beautiful walks of both places are graphically portrayed in his "Autobiography." Speaking of a scene at Maiano he tells us how his mind wanders to the northern suburb. "Alas!" he writes, "admire all this as I may, and thankful as I am, I would quit it all for a walk over the fields from Hampstead to one or two houses I could mention." We wonder what houses these were. Was it the little cottage where Keats first felt the approach of death, and lingered on till his final departure to Rome, and eventually—and all too soon—an alien grave? Was it the house where Joanna Baillie received her *coterie* of literary friends, and wove her rhymes? Or was it the little "Spaniards Tavern," where Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley often spent a pleasant hour, and made known those thoughts which have so often graced their writings? There is every indication that Leigh Hunt's mind at Maiano wandered in these directions. Hunt was no fulsome flatterer of Hampstead; he was no ignoramus speaking from inexperience, for he was conversant with Nature in all her many scenes and moods. He had travelled a great deal, as far as travel-scenery was concerned, but poor means of conveyance after all. Although Leigh Hunt's peregrinations were confined to Europe, he had seen at Pisa, and saw the cremated remains of the latter interred in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, in close proximity to those of his beloved companion John Keats. He had been to Florence, and revelled in the beauties of the birthplace of Dante and Boccaccio, and found much in the scenery to please the eye, but yet his thoughts would wander back at times to Hampstead. He soon grew tired of the vines and olives of Italy, and returned to England with a pleasure that was indescribable. In England he was at home, and although he was living a little while at Highgate, his "beloved Hampstead" was near, with home in its churchyard as well as in its meadows.

Surely, if ever a man loved Hampstead with all the true sincerity of heart that man was Leigh Hunt.

As before mentioned, Hampstead has undergone wonderful changes since the days when it was the abode of famous *littérateurs* and a rendezvous for "gentlemen of the road." The woods were gradually stripped of their fine oaks and elms; noble mansions and pretty villas sprang up in the place where nothing but barrenness and barbarism had hitherto reigned, and Hampstead soon began to be recognised as an extremely pleasant and healthy locality. The gallants in tie-wigs, knee-breeches, and three-cornered hats would come in rumbling chariots, sedan chairs, or the humble stage-coach to taste of the chalybeate waters and be healed, even as Society in the reign of the second Charles flocked to the Wells at Tunbridge. So pure and invigorating was the water of Hampstead considered that flasks of it were sold in various shops in London, and even conveyed to people's houses, just as at the present day the sea-water is brought up from Brighton.

Many great folks, to be near the Wells, pitched their tents here, and their houses now are full of quaint associations. Foremost among them is "Caen Wood," for many years the residence of the Mansfields. The old house—widely known for its unrivalled walks, pleasant gardens, park, beeches, and cedars of Lebanon—has known many masters, commencing with one named Bill, and eventually falling, in 1755, into the hands of the first Lord Mansfield, in whose family it has ever since remained. The house is also known for the

great part it played in the Gordon Riots of 1780. The fanatic followers of Lord George Gordon, after laying waste many of the churches and buildings in London—Newgate included—made their way to Bloomsbury Square, and attacked the house of Lord Mansfield, which they also burnt to the ground. A cry was raised, "To Caen Wood," and they then marched in a very disorderly fashion to Hampstead, and halted at the "Spaniards," but fortunately they never proceeded further. The landlord of the inn saw their design, and despatching a messenger for a body of soldiers, detained the rioters at his house, and allowed them to dull their brains and weaken their legs with drink. The arrival of the soldiers and the surprise it caused may be better imagined than described; and the mob, unable to offer any resistance, fled back to London in much greater haste than when they left it. Dickens has made us familiar with this incident in the pages of "Barnaby Rudge."

Space prohibits the enumeration of every famous house. There is Erskine House, where the witty Lord Erskine once lived, with his pet animals, and received all the learned men of the day, and kept them alive with his wit and laughter.

There was the house where Joanna Baillie lived and died at a ripe old age—where she courted the Muse, and received her friends, equally famous in the world of letters, and did homage to her great friend and patron, Sir Walter Scott.

Many other great people at times sought the atmosphere of Hampstead. Mark Akenside lived at Golder's End; Lake, the great artist and poet, lived close by the Heath; and in the house of a private gentleman of the name of Hoare, Crabbe and Wordsworth frequently exchanged greetings.

There are several taverns worthy of note. Every one knows the "Spaniards," already mentioned in connection with the Gordon riots—with its beautiful gardens, seats, and bowers, where Mrs. Bardell was arrested at the suit of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg—Jack Straw's Castle, once the halfway house of Northern highwaymen, but now the resort of merry travellers, whither Dickens and Forster would fly, and make themselves glad over a Castle dinner. There is the "Bull and Bush," with its pretty tea-gardens, where the great Addison and his friends often met; the "Upper Flask," long since demolished and forgotten, where the famous Kit-Kat Club met, and such shining lights of the eighteenth century as Pope, Steele, and Addison assembled, and argued over their cups. One word more ere we depart from Hampstead. The glory of the dear old suburb is its Bank Holiday, when the people pour out from the central streets, and worship jovially at the shrine of St. Lubbock. Hampstead, with its breezy heath and slopy vale, on this brief day is *en fête*. The solitude of the suburb is broken by the shouts and cries of merry-makers, and the clash of all kinds of music. Donkey riders and drivers, photographers, conjurers, minstrels—our (artificially) coloured brethren from Virginia, our German cousins from the Rhine—and hawkers of every kind of ware under the sun, predominate, and make terrible holes in the exchequer of the British workman. Every class of noisy merriment finds its way to the Heath on a Bank Holiday; it is as if all nationalities were let loose, and tossed upon the northern suburb, turning the quiet place into a veritable Babel.

Nor does the beautiful Vale of Health escape the noisy presence of these exuberant merry-makers. The tea-gardens in the Vale are thrown open, and are besieged by innumerable tea-drinkers, who seize eagerly on the little cups and Rockingham tea-pots, and lay waste the new loaves and pats of butter without any mercy whatever. The conversations at these rows of tables would have astonished greatly that enjoyable old tea-drinker, Dr. Johnson; he would have marvelled at the presence of so many "Arriets in great hats and imitation ostrich feathers, and 'Arrys in light clothes of unmistakable cut, and numberless pearl buttons."

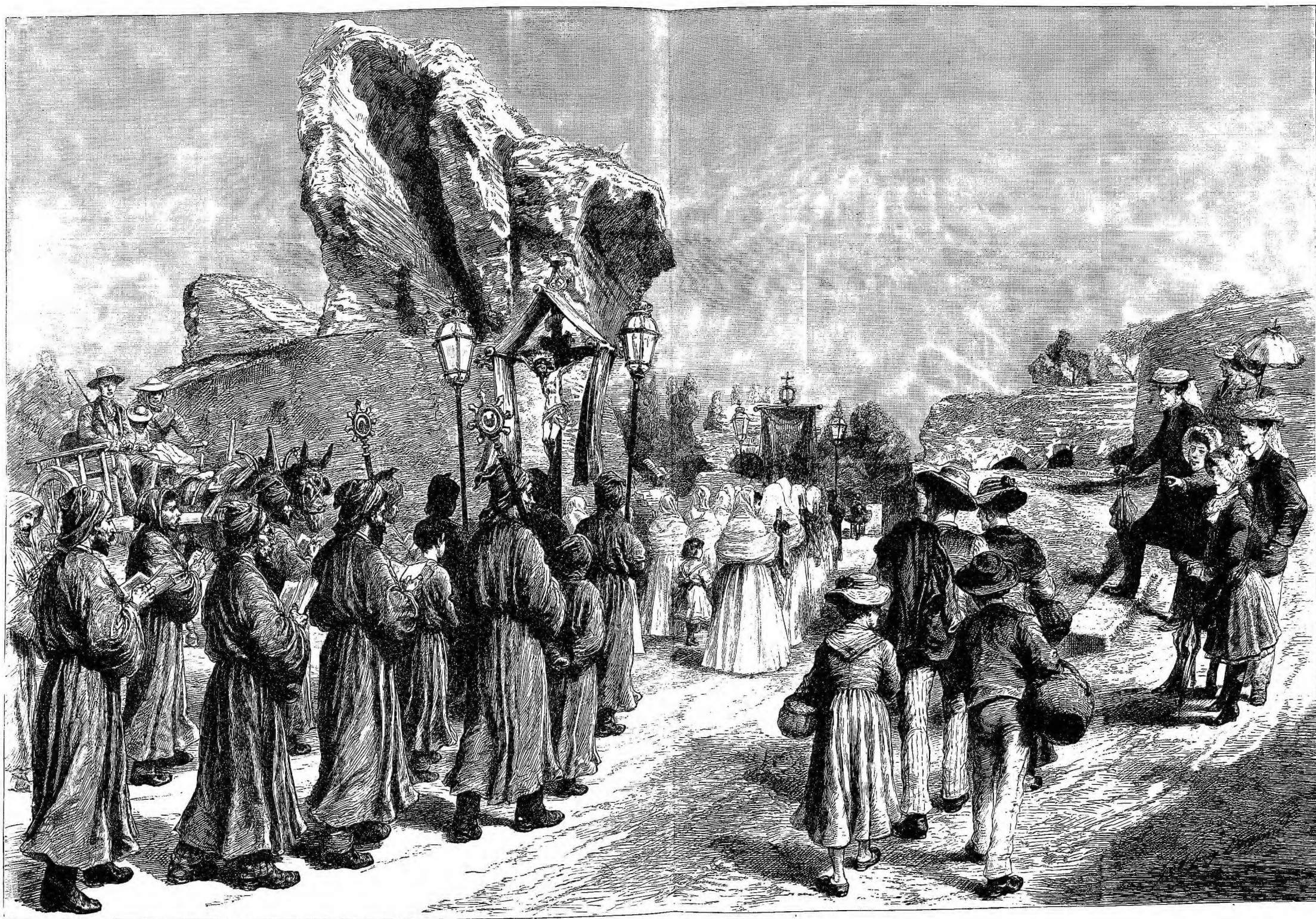
These *al fresco* entertainments, then, are the periodic glories of Hampstead, and so long as the Holiday Act of Sir John Lubbock stands good, they will never decrease. The breezy suburb has for many years been the playground of the people, and may it long remain so. It is a pleasure to see the poor toilers crowd out of the Great City on certain days in the year to court its walks and meadows, and many a one, "Who has been long in city pent" (to use poor Keats' words), considers himself fortunate if he has had the pleasure of spending a happy day at Hampstead.

H. H. A.



"AFFINITIES," by Mrs. Campbell Praed (2 vols.: Bentley and Son), is a first instalment of the crop of fiction likely to follow on the heels of whatever interest is taken in Theosophy, or Esoteric Buddhism. The subject need not, however, alarm the general reader. There has certainly been a revival during the last year or two of a taste for the supernatural and mystical in fiction, and authors on the watch for the fashion of the hour seem bent upon out-doing one another in daring feats of transcendental psychology. And for the highest leap thus far Mrs. Campbell Praed holds the championship, until she can be out-done. Nor will that be an easy matter, for she, as those who remember her former works will understand, is distinguished by powers of a higher and more legitimate order than are required to make nonsense look serious and possible. As usual, she is somewhat personal. All who have followed the outer history of Neo-Buddhism will know who is intended by the mysteriously gifted Madame Tamvaco, of unknown age; and the more ancient æsthetic movement has supplied the authoress with hints for at any rate physical portraiture. The events and experiences described are wonderful enough for a fairy tale. Whether Mrs. Praed has any faith in her own inventions does not appear, but if she is in reality enjoying a quiet laugh over the extent of human credulity, she is perfectly right, for artistic reasons, to affect to take things seriously. She deals with marvels as if they were simply matters of course, and so gives us some sort of a notion of what the fiction of the future may possibly be, when imaginations cast off their fleshy fetters, and assume new conditions upon a higher plane. Owing to the apparent sincerity of its style and construction, "Affinities" is really interesting as well as powerful, and affords a welcome relief from the usual forms of sentiment on the one side, and to more timid and less robust psychology on the other.

The value and interest of Mr. William Sime's "Boulderstone, or New Men and Old Populations" (1 vol.: J. and K. Maxwell), depend upon the sympathy they exhibit with the crofter threatened with emigration. His sketches of life and character in this connection are lifelike and picturesque, and compensate in great measure for an unsatisfactory story. His object, no doubt, is to emphasise the effects of possible ignorance of their own estates and their own people on the part of well-meaning but ignorant absentees, and the peril of trusting affairs wherein sentiment has so important a part to play to men of business who may have interests of their own to serve. But Mr. Sime injures his case by exaggeration, and by choosing exceptional characters and circumstances, instead of types, for his illustrations. There was certainly no occasion to make one of his villains extinguish a light-house in order to cause a shipwreck, and another to hire slander against an innocent girl, in order to prove that there may be a good deal of small tyranny and injustice in the relations of rich and poor, and that Scotland is no exception



RELIGIOUS PROCESSION AT CIMIÈS, NEAR NICE, ON THE DAY OF THE FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION

to so universal a rule. Nor was it needful to make his hero, Sir Neil, fall romantically in love with a pretty idiot far advanced in dipsomania to demonstrate that responsibilities and brains do not always go together. However, no artistic demerits can affect the pleasure to be drawn from Mr. Sime's sketches of local life and character, which happily comprise a good half of the volume.

"In and Out of Fashion," by Richard Davis Perry (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is to all appearance a first novel. At any rate the author has still the whole of his craft to learn—at least all beyond the rule that conventionality is the better part of popularity. He has assuredly never asked himself the all-important preliminary question, whether the story that occurred to him was worth telling, or whether the characters needful for its development could interest or amuse. Nor is it likely that he has found any circle of society in which every member is labelled with some grotesque peculiarity to which he or she lives up with unswerving consistency. Nor, in any case, can he expect his readers, whether sentimental or not, to sympathise with a lover who believes any story to the discredit of the woman he is supposed to love that may come to his ears. We cannot say that "In and Out of Fashion" shows much promise: and can only trust that Mr. Perry will prove us wrong.

Lord Ducie has made an excellent translation, from the Norwegian, of "Skipper Worse," by Alexander L. Kielland (1 vol.: Sampson Low and Co.). Norwegian fiction is certainly a novelty, and, moreover, the subject of this sample is altogether unfamiliar. It deals with the sect of the Haugians, or followers of Hans Nielsen Hauge, who, in the earlier part of the last century attempted to bring about a religious revival in his native country. In "Skipper Worse," Hauge himself is only remembered by a few old men, and the sect, though it has prospered from a worldly point of view, has degenerated sadly. The aim of the author is to show the effect of an atmosphere of bigotry and of spiritual despotism, as exercised in a narrow sect, upon variously contrasted natures. Sarah, who submits to her circumstances and believes in their righteousness, is crushed out of her originally noble womanhood into out-doing her tyrants in their own field: her light-hearted sister Henrietta, who rebels, is driven to suicide: Fennefos, the enthusiastic apostle, is bound into fanaticism and despair: and even poor Skipper Worse himself, as fine and jolly a sailor as ever was drawn, is caught in the uncongenial toils, and ends as the hero of the very saddest of comedies. His death is one of the most pathetic scenes that have ever been written. The novel is a remarkable one altogether, and well worth translation, for other reasons than its delightful pictures of life in a little Norwegian sea-port, with its old world people and picturesque but homely and humorous ways. Against such a background, the tragic element stands out in strong relief, and teaches a lesson of which the need has by no means passed away.

"Fort Minster, M.P.," by Sir Edward J. Reed, K.C.B., M.P. (Arrowsmith's Bristol Library), is a further contribution to the shilling fiction movement that now seems daily increasing. Sir Edward Reed has written a detective story pure and simple, the chief element of novelty being that the victim of an attempted murder is one member of Parliament, and the suspected criminal another, and that an Irish debate is imagined, at first, to have a good deal to do with the affair. Further than this, it would be unfair to the author to go. He has not much of the art required to hide a mystery or to cross the scents: but he has written a story that will be found amusing enough for the short time it takes to read.

THE COTILLON AT AN AMBASSADORS' BALL IN BERLIN

THE crush has been dreadful, but an improvement takes place after supper, when the Court, the venerable members of the Corps Diplomatique, the shining lights of Art and Science, in short, all those who make such a goodly show in the newspaper report, and who take up such an unnecessary amount of precious room at the ball, have left, and only dancers and weary parents, and husbands and chaperones, stay behind.

There is a lull before the storm, and the officers rush about, tying up their chairs with pocket-handkerchiefs, or with shreds of the tulle which has been whisked into the corners during the terpsichorean struggle. In Berlin, everybody who is anybody is engaged for at least half of the dances beforehand, and has his or her card full (and over-full) before the first waltz is over. At the latter end of a dance the company take out their little note books, and the programmes of balls which are not due for weeks are filled up. Thus it comes to pass that a very young officer, who is just "out," and who has this minute come up to a professional beauty of mature standing, asking for this cotillon, is pointed out admiringly as a specimen of coolness, who is sure to make his way in the world.

But the "Gasparone Waltz" is being played, and the "rounds" follow in rapid succession. Now bright red reins with tinkling bells are given to a lady and a gentleman, who each choose four other dancers, and flourishing their whip, drive their four-in-hand team at a furious pace round the ball-room. This is a "round," of which the mothers of the old school (not those who are dancing the cotillon with the same zest as their daughters) do not approve. Pretty crackers filled with fresh nice violets are, however, quite unobjectionable, and an agreeable scent is diffused as the dancing couples whirl past. Then some fiendish flutes and bag-pipes are distributed, whose shrieks are drowned by an organ, which the handsome Count H. of the Dragoon Guards is grinding. But now the space in the ball-room is hedged in by some dozens of couples, who hold garlands aloft, while in the centre triumphal arches are erected, supported by some of the tallest scarlet cuirassiers, and a few select couples, headed by pretty little Princess R., begin dancing through them, till the circle gives way. Then every gentleman throws the garland round his partner, there is a glistening throng of uniforms, and white shoulders and wreaths fly round the room.

After this there is a pause; Turkish music strikes up, the curtains at the back of the room are pulled aside, and a Moor enters, followed by a chariot marked, "First Trophies from the Congo," and filled with Oriental nicknacks, which little ballet children in black "tricot," and bright heads and necklaces, are drawing. They throw themselves on the ground, pile up the presents and the bouquets into brilliant heaps in the centre, and, clapping their hands, begin a charming Eastern ballet which creates a perfect sensation. Then, leaving the trophies, they file out, and the presents, as well as the bouquets, are carried about and danced for to the sound of European waltz music. This is an anxious moment for certain mothers, and not one of their eye-glasses is idle. Good-natured Countess X., one of the heroines of Berlin society, is chaperoning a niece, and she understands how to "lancer" a girl! There the debutante is sitting in soft, innocent tulle, her white neck without one single ornament, and her white, bare arms simply crossed before her. And the watchful Countess sits and beams, smiles and nods at her friends as they hurry past with their hands full of flowers. They understand and remember, and the white arms grow fuller and fuller with nosegays as she breathlessly sits down after whirling round with another and another of her aunt's friends.

More presents are brought in and distributed, varied by a very favourite "round," which is touchingly simple, consisting as it does merely of eight couples at one end, and eight at the other, "chasseé" at the quickest gallop pace past each other, turning about and hard across the room again and again, till at a signal the

couples intermingle and dance with each other. This circuit is called "The Tearing Eight." It requires space and lungs, but is heavenly.

It is already early in the morning, and everybody and everything is powdered with the tiny paper flocks of which the "snowballs," which people open and throw at each other, consist. But again the curtains are drawn back, and disclose a brilliant Christmas tree covered with lights, and the gold, glittering threads called "angel's hair," and the last "round" crowns the preceding ones by giving each lady a gold or silver ornament. Then the "Hallali" sounds the "Hunter Fanfare," which to non-sporting ladies is associated not with the "finish" and the distribution of the "brush," but with the solemn curtsy to the hostess, with coffee and the long wait for one's carriage, which is shortened by the last words, the last nod, and the pleasure of the flowers, the "bon-bons," and the pretty knickknacks which fill one's arms.

X. v. Z.

SOME FINE ART BOOKS

IN an age when research in many directions has taught us a boundless appreciation of the great inheritance we possess in the treasures and labours of the past, an age which is busy in linking together the materials for histories of all kinds, it is not astonishing to find the hitherto unexplored region of landscape in Art revealing evidences of existence centuries earlier than the epoch of its reputed founders. The tracing of this history back into the far past has been undertaken as a labour of love by Mr. Josiah Gilbert, and the results appear in a volume entitled "Landscape in Art before Claude and Salvator" (John Murray). The subject is a fresh one; and Mr. Gilbert, who is known as the author of "Cadore, or Titian's Country," and a joint author of other works, has succeeded in making the most of his subject. The earlier portion of the work is devoted to a consideration of landscape in literature as expressed in the works of Homer, the Greek and Roman dramatists and poets, the great Italians of the Dante epoch and later, and by our own writers, and the question is asked, but not solved, as to whether literature in respect of its appreciation of Art has not owed more to Art than Art to literature. The course of landscape Art in detail is then traced from the earliest suggestions in Oriental work to the landscapes of the early Christian mosaics, and of manuscripts, through the mediæval Flemish, Italian, German, and Venetian schools, thereby showing the evolution of landscape Art up to the days of Claude Lorraine and Salvator Rosa. The work is admirably illustrated with over a hundred typical historic examples of the art from all lands, and from the most divergent sources.

Another contribution to the history of Art appears in the two latest volumes of the "Fine Art Library," edited by Mr. Sparkes, of South Kensington. The one intended for a guide to "The English School of Painting," by M. Ernest Chesneau (Cassell and Co.), is strangely enough the work of a Frenchman translated. Its interest, however, is not diminished by this fact, and it will probably attract readers beyond the circle of artists and Art students, not only because it contains the impressions of a foreigner upon our school for the last century and a half, but also because Mr. Ruskin has furnished a preface, in which he expresses his concurrence with M. Chesneau's critical judgment of all pieces of Art with which he and the author are alike acquainted. Mr. Ruskin is impressed by the fact that the British schools are in danger of losing their national character, and becoming "sentimentally German, dramatically Parisian, or decoratively Asiatic," and he is therefore delighted to find an acute and kindly Frenchman, whose opinion he values, assuring us that we have some metal of our own. The origin of the English school is traced, the portrait, historical, genre, and landscape paintings of the old masters detailed and criticised, in the first part, and that of the modern school, dating from 1850, in the second part of the work. The book is carefully translated, and profusely illustrated with an excellent and characteristic selection of the best-known works of English artists. A few of our caricaturists and draughts-men and -women are dealt with in an appreciative manner in the closing chapter.

"The Flemish School of Painting," by Mr. A. J. Wauters (Cassell and Co.), is a companion work, dealing chiefly, however, with the great masters of the past. A good deal of new light is thrown upon the earliest history of Flemish Art, preceding the great brothers Van Eyck—Art as it was in the days of Van Artevelde. The gradual growth of the great school, from the discovery of oil painting early in the fifteenth century, when the symbolic age of Art became merged in the picturesque, and artists began to study anatomy, landscape, perspective, and accessories, the struggles of the school throughout the sixteenth century, when foreign influence destroyed the characteristics of Flemish work in all but portraiture, and the artists painted their pictures anywhere but at home, up to the days when Rubens not only recovered the best traditions of the past, but brought Flemish Art to its greatest grandeur, are all chronicled with more than mere details as to the birth, death, and work of each painter. The influence of the varying fortunes of the Flemings' land, both on the rise and fall of the school, is treated in a manner which will be of great assistance in enabling students to grasp the true significance and bearing of each period of Flemish Art.

"Papers on Art," by J. Comyns Carr (Macmillan and Co.), is the unpretending title of some very interesting essays, one or two of which are already known. The critical and historical survey of the "Drawings by the Old Masters" was originally designed as an introduction to a Grosvenor Gallery catalogue, and a paper on James Barry was delivered before the Society of Arts. The combination of the biographical, anecdotal, and critical in the papers upon Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Barry, shows Mr. Carr in his happiest vein, and there is little, perhaps, in the treatment of these three artists to provoke discussion. Opinion will probably differ far more widely as regards the estimate of "Rossetti's Influence in Art." Mr. Carr keenly appreciates Mr. Ruskin's labours in the cause of Art, and entirely endorses his opinion as regards Rossetti's position in modern Art; but although Rossetti has undoubtedly exerted influence over minds of varying constitutions, they have not all become blind worshippers of the poet-artist.

A collection of some thirty-four "Old-Fashioned Prints by and after Bartolozzi and Engravers of His School" (Field and Tuer, Ye Leadenhall Presse) is one of the cheapest and best set of engravings that has been produced for some time. Some of the copperplates, although engraved nearly a century ago, have never before been published. Amongst these the "Love Wounded" and "Love Healed," by R. Cooper, after Shelley, engraved in stipple in 1798, are fine classical types of the English school of engraving. The printing has been executed on old-fashioned paper, with the combined delicacy and strength in light and shade which the work demanded, and the engravings are to be had either in the rich brown or deep red which were the two fashionable Bartolozzi colours. There is plenty of variety both in subjects and in types of female beauty, and the set will no doubt prove an attractive one to the collector.

Another set of engravings of perhaps greater interest to the general public are "Proof Impressions of Engravings" (Macmillan and Co.), originally published in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Amongst the engravers are Theodor Knesing, J. D. Cooper, Lacour, Istvan, and Schladitz. The selection of pictures is one calculated to suit a variety of tastes, since it includes D. G. Rossetti's "Lady Lilith," and "The Loving Cup," Alma Tadema's well-known pic-

ture entitled "Shy," Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Siddons, two of Reynolds', and some charming studies and landscapes by R. W. Macbeth, Alfred Parsons, and Napier Henry. The portfolio is covered in an æsthetic blue-green "Liberty" silk tied with a yellow ribbon, thus putting the finishing touches to a volume typical of the Art taste and Art work of the day.

The members of the "Odd Volume" Society have already produced some valuable little works upon chirognomy, "Queen Anne's Musick," and other subjects, and now a small but fascinating history of "Intaglio Engraving, Past and Present" (C. W. H. Wyman) is added by Bro. Edward Renton. There is no art so much ignored in the present day as gem engraving; and yet in England alone we have not only choice collections of antique intaglios, but have had many fine intaglio artists both in this century and the past. The book is bright and interesting, and may possibly entice some to take up the subject of gem engraving in the spirit which will rescue it from oblivion and decay.

In "Thames Bridges, from London to Hampton Court" (H. R. Pinder), there is an excellent chance for critics to compare the relative beauties of the many styles of bridges now spanning the Thames. The bridges drawn and etched by J. H. Herring present a wonderful variety of structure, and are accompanied by good reference notes regarding their history and dimensions. A second series of the "Bridges from Hampton Court to Oxford," announced to follow, will, perhaps, have greater interest than even this volume for the pleasure-goers of the Thames, who each year betake themselves farther from "the madding crowd."

Those who are intending to study Ceramic Art from a professional point of view will find an admirable handbook in "Pottery Painting," by Mr. Fred Miller (Wyman and Sons). It aims at putting pottery painting on a somewhat higher platform than it usually occupies in books; all branches of a *céramiste's* work are touched upon in a way that bespeaks long experience and acquaintance with the art, and the historical references to the position of the art amongst the Persians, Chinese, and Japanese, and to Etruscan, Greek, and Roman pottery, will no doubt tend to the greater study of fine antique specimens by those who go far enough to see that no merely mechanical rules for painting or mixing the various tints will produce a first-class ceramic artist. At the same time all that can be dictated by the practical experience of a successful craftsman, as regards the *technique* of pottery painting, is here set forth, supplemented by notes and suggestions as to design.

"The Works of Art and Bric-à-Brac Doctor," by A. Barthelet (S. Low and Co.), is a small volume addressed to the many amateur collectors of *bric-à-brac*, who in the natural course of things have the misfortune to see constant inroads on their favourite specimens by chips or breakages. Over thirty chapters deal with the careful processes necessary to clean and properly cement, as well as touch up and repair the colour or polishing of delicate porcelain, terra cotta, or glass. The merits of the various cements for china, &c., are discussed, and a handy alphabetical reference list of potteries, detailing their characteristics and dates, appended.



MESSRS. MOUTRIE AND SON.—"Spring and Winter" is a plaintive love song, written and composed by Lord Henry Somerset, compass from E first line to the octave above.—A song with a moral to be learned from it is "An Angel in the Way," words by Whyte Melville, music by C. Paston Cooper, published in E flat and B flat.—Two dainty little Italian songs, music by Ernestina Fuller, are "Romanza," "parole di Dante Alighieri," and "O Fiorellin di Siepe," "parole di L. Stecchetti," both these songs are very melodious and charming.—Mrs. Henry Shields has composed the music for two fairly good songs of the sentimental school, "Always the Same to Thee," words by Mrs. Herbert Davey, and "To My Love," words by Mortimer Collins.—A very fair specimen of its type, after the "Vagabond," is "The Tinker," written and composed by Arthur Chapman and Charles Heinrich.

MESSRS. W. MORLEY AND CO.—Three songs which will take foremost places in the concert and the drawing-rooms, written and composed by Mary Mark Lemon and A. H. Behrend, are "Surely," which is the best of the group, published in six keys, in consequence of which it will soon be worn out.—"Home Dreams," a song which will win the favour of parents in general (this is published in four keys), as is also "Heart to Heart," a pathetic love song.—F. E. Weatherly has written the words and Cotsford Dick the music for "Jem," a piquant little tale of country courtship.—Of the same lively type as the above is "If You Marry," written and composed by Knight Summers and T. Hutchinson, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—There is much pathos in the words of "The Light of the Land," by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, set to charming music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A tale of warlike times is "The Clang of the Hammer," words by G. W. Southery, music by Theo. Bonheur.—As its title denotes, "The Viking Bold" is of a martial type, written and composed by Hubert de Winter and Charlton Speer, published in G for a baritone and D for a tenor.—No. 9 of "Morley's Part Song Journal," edited by A. J. Caldicot (Mus. Bac., Cantab.), is "The Holly Crowned King" (S. A. T. B.), music by the editor, words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, a very pleasing composition of its kind.—Books 13 and 14 of "Morley's Voluntaries for the Organ, Harmonium, or American Organ," contain the former twelve original Voluntaries by F. E. Gladstone, Mus. Doc., Cantab., the latter nine original Voluntaries by William Spark, Mus. Doc. Both these numbers should find a place in the *répertoire* of all harmonium players and organists.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY COMPANY.—A form of publication which is in great favour is the Cantata, sacred or secular. Timid folks gain courage when supported by their companions. A very pretty and taking cantata for a quartet of soloists (S. A. T. B.) and a chorus of mixed voices, is "Village Belles," the libretto by Percy Thornton, music by T. E. Spinney. It is well calculated for a drawing-room performance in costume and with stage decorations; we can heartily commend this lively composition to our musical young readers of both sexes.—"At the Beechen Tree," words by W. Wilsey Martin, music by Edith Cooke, is a neatly-written love song of the narrative school.—Somewhat out of the ordinary groove of ballad writing is "My Dermot," words by Miss A. L. Hildebrand, music by G. Dixon, Mus. Doc. It is a song which a mezzo-soprano may make her own.—"First Set of Dances for the Pianoforte," by Erskine Allon, are fairly good for school-room practice.

W. CZERNY.—Nos. 58 and 59 of "W. Czerny's Ladies' Choruses," for three and four voices, are: "Loving for Ever," by G. Money, and "Saturday Night," by E. P. Cockrane. Both are well suited for the purpose intended.—"Crucifix" ("All Ye Who Weep"), a sacred song, English words by Rev. B. Webb, music by J. Faure, is a composition of high merit. It is published in G and E flat, with accompaniment for pianoforte, violin, or violoncello and harmonium, *ad lib.*—Four pianoforte pieces which will seldom be heard beyond the limits of the school-room are:—"Valse des Sourires," by G. Bachmann; "Rétour Triomphal" ("Marche Chevaleresque"), by E. Sturmfels; "In the Morning" and "At Eventide," by Nicholai von Wilm.

WATCHES.—The MIDLAND COUNTRIES WATCH COMPANY, of Vyse Street, Birmingham, supply their celebrated watches direct to wearers, at the very lowest wholesale cash prices. They guarantee the watches supplied by them to be most perfect timekeepers, and honestly assert their prices to be under one half those charged by watchmakers.—Write for catalogue.

WATCHES.—Why give the fabulous prices charged by retail dealers when you can get Gentlemen's Fine Silver flat crystal glass, s. d. heavy faced, superior movements, 25 0 Ladies' Fine Silver, handsomely engraved, flat crystal glass, high finished movements, 25 0 Ladies' very heavy Gold Levers, in exquisitely chased cases, with highly finished extra jewelled movements, 70 0 Gents' ditto, engine turned cases, 80 0

WATCHES.—Gent's Silver Keyless English Hall-marked Levers 60 0 Gent's Silver Keyless Hunting Cases, English Hall-marked 67 6 Gent's Fine Gold Keyless Lever, strong heavy cases 100 0 Gent's Fine Gold Keyless, in hunting cases, 140 0 Ladies' very heavy Keyless, in 18-ct. gold cases, 100 0

WATCHES.—These Watches are frequently sold for treble the money. Catalogues containing 1,000 testimonials, and over 500 copper-plate Engravings of Watches and Jewellery sent gratis and post free on application to all parts of the world. Cheques, drafts, or Mr. A. PERCY, on receipt of which any Watch will be registered post free to any part of the United Kingdom, and for s. d. per watch extra to any part of the postal world.

THE "EASY" LAWN MOWER

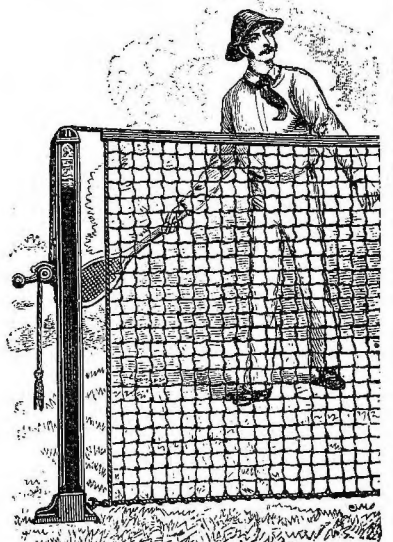
Is now made with FIVE knives. All sizes, from 7 to 30, kept in stock. **UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL** from the Steward of the Earl of Shrewsbury. "Alton Towers, May 20, 1884. 'Your Machines are first-class. I find them an immense saving of labour.'"

BE CAREFUL OF THE JOY

CAUTION.—To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that each Box bears the name of "WILCOX and CO., 230, Oxford Street, London." One of these Cigarettes gives immediate relief in the worst attack of ASTHMA, COLIC, BRONCHITIS, and SHORNESS OF BREATH. Persons who suffer at night with coughing, phlegm, and short breath find them invaluable, as they instantly check the spasm, promote sleep, and allow the patient to pass a good night. Are perfectly harmless, and may be smoked by ladies, children, and most delicate patients. Price 2s. 6d. per Box of 35, post-free; and of all Chemists.

"THE NORTH" LAWN TENNIS POLES, BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

Prize Medal. Highest Award. CORK, 1883. Price 27s. 6d. per Pair. With Net 42 ft. by 3½ ft., 7s. 6d. extra. Do. Bound, 1½ in. along top, 11s. 6d. extra.



REQUIRE no Guy Ropes; remain rigidly upright against the inward pull of the ropes, are easily erected; can be instantly disconnected from the ground spike, which may be left a fixture. The top of the ground spike is flush with the grass, and if removed the cut in the ground made by its insertion is practically invisible. The net rope passes at exact regulation height over a grooved cap on top of each pole, and is tightened and secured by our Patent Clutches, with which even a child can strain the net to the required tension. A standard is supplied to indicate correct height of net at centre, and also a small table, which fits to the top of either pole, for scorer's book. The poles are elegantly finished in black and gold.

May be had direct from the undersigned, packed in case and carriage paid to any railway station in the United Kingdom, on receipt of P.O.O. May also be had from Dealers in Tennis Goods. **DAVIDSON AND CO., PATENTEES AND MAKERS, "SIROCCO" WORKS, BELFAST.**

HEAL AND SON.

BEDSTEADS. 3ft. IRON FRENCH from 10s. 6d. 3ft. BRASS FRENCH from 41s. **BEDDING.** MATTRESSES, 3ft., from 11s. A NEW SPRING MATTRESS, warranted good and serviceable, at a very moderate price, 5ft., 28s.; 4ft. 6in., 40s. THIS WITH A TOP MATTRESS 3ft. 20s.; 4ft. 6in., 29s., makes a most comfortable Bed and cannot be surpassed at the price.

BEDROOM FURNITURE. PLAIN SUITES from £3. DECORATED SUITES from £8 10s. SUITES OF WHITE ENAMEL, similar to that in the Health Exhibition, from £14. ASH and WALNUT SUITES, from £14 12s. SCREENS, suitable for Bedrooms, 21s.

EASY CHAIRS FROM 35s. COUCHES from 75s. BOOKCASES from 38s. and BOOKSHELVES from 7s. 6d. WRITING TABLES from 25s. OCCASIONAL TABLES from 10s. 6d.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, FREE BY POST.

195 to 198, Tottenham Court Road.

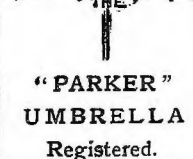


BERTHON PORTABLE BOATS AND CANOES, FOR YACHTS, FISHING, SHOOTING, &c. SHOWROOMS: 50, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C. Price List, &c. free. 13 Prize Medals.

Dr. Liebi's "Edible" Fruit Pills a Delicious Bonbon, Cure Constipation, Bile, Indigestion, Liver Complaints, 1/12, 2/9, &c. 4/6 of all Chemists.

A FACT—HAIR COLOUR WASH

—By damping the hair with this, in a hours grey hair becomes the original colour, 3/6d. sent for stamps. —ALEX. ROSS, 21, Lamb's Conduit Street, London.



"PARKER" UMBRELLA Registered.



"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

"CHING WO."

GOLD MEDALS, DUBLIN, 1882; BOSTON, 1883; LONDON (INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION), 1884.

SIR JAMES MURRAY'S

FOR ACIDITY, INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, GRAVEL, and GOUT.

FLUID MAGNESIA.

The Inventor's Pure Original Preparation. 1s. Bottles almost Double usual size.

SIR JAMES MURRAY and SON, Temple Street, Dublin.

BARCLAY and SONS, Farringdon Street, London.

"A Perfect Frisette in Ten Minutes."

HINDE'S HAIR CURLING PINS.

Produce Charming Ringlets, &c.



USED COLD.

Surer and much more effective than curl papers. Comfortable—Invisible—Simplicity itself.

This is a Patented Article. Every Pin and Label bears the stamp—"HINDE'S Careless Patent."

BEWARE of knavish imitations, which are absolutely useless frauds. Vendors will be rigorously prosecuted.

Sold in 6d. and 1s. Boxes by Fancy Dealers, or Sample Box for 7 stamps, direct from Messrs. Hinde's London Sample Room, 1A, City Road, E.C.

Wholesale of Messrs. HINDE, Birmingham and London.

"INDISPENSABLE TO THE PRESENT FASHION."

"ELLEN TERRY" HAIR PIN.

HINDE'S PATENT

CONVENIENT! FLEXIBLE!! COMFORTABLE!!!

THE "ELLEN TERRY" HAIR PIN

CANNOT POSSIBLY FALL OUT OF THE HAIR.

THE "ELLEN TERRY" HAIR PIN

HINDE'S PATENT.

Automatically locks when in the Hair, and will remain immovable until withdrawn. All risk of disarrangement to ornamental Hair is avoided by their use.

Sold by Hairdressers, Drapers, and others; or sample box, post free, for seven stamps, from the Patentees, Messrs. HINDE, Sample Room, 1A, City Road, London, E.C.

Money returned if not satisfactory.

FOR ALL SEASONS AND ALL CLIMATES.

EGERTON BURNETT'S SERGES, as supplied to the ROYAL COURTS OF EUROPE, for LADIES, GENTLEMEN, and CHILDREN'S WEAR, have a world-wide reputation. Any length cut. Prices for Ladies, 1s. 2½d. to 4s. 6d. per yard. Serges for Gents, 1s. 2½d. to 4s. 6d. per yard. Extra strong, for Gentlemen and Boys, 54 inch, from 2s. 2½d. per yard. Serges for army and navy, single width, 1s. 11½d. double width, 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. per yard. Carriage paid to any railway station in the United Kingdom. Patterns post free. Goods packed for exportation. Address: **EGERTON BURNETT, Woollen Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset.**



EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

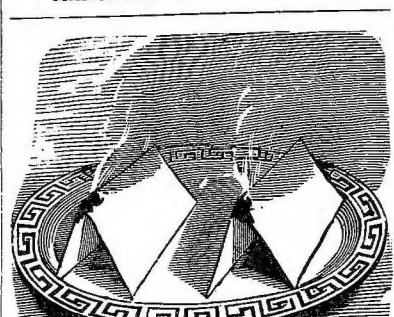
WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

EGERTON BURNETT.

"FIR WOOL OIL," (Registered Trade Mark). CERTAIN CURE for RHEUMATISM, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, and all Pains originating from Cold, TOOTHACHE, and all other AFFECTIONS. In CURED ALMOST INSTANTANEOUSLY. In Bottles, from all Chemists, &c., 1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. **CHEST PROTECTORS, KNEE CAPS, and COMPLETE UNDER CLOTHING,** containing all the Virtues of the OIL. TESTIMONIALS.—"The MARCHIONESS OF WESTMINSTER is happy to testify to its efficacy."—February 18, 1876. LORD LEIGH states he received immediate relief during a severe attack of Rheumatism, and since wear the Vests has had no return whatever.—Stoneleigh Abbey, Jan. 15, 1881. Sole Proprietor, **L. BEAVER, 37, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER.**



OZONE PAPER.

ASTHMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, BRONCHITIC ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, and INFLUENZA.

Dr. THOROWGOOD, Physician to the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, in his "Notes on Asthma," page 62, says:—"The Ozone Paper prepared by Mr. Huggins contains nitrate of potash, chlorate of potash, and iodide of potassium, and of its efficacy I have had abundant evidence."

2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box, of all Chemists; or from the Proprietor for the amount in stamps or P.O.O. to any part of London.

R. HUGGINS, Chemist, 199, STRAND, LONDON.

DRESS STANDS for Home Use.

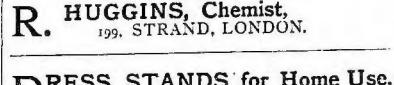
No. 53. The Court Circular, in commenting upon it, says:—"We have much pleasure in announcing that Messrs. Graham and Co. have completed new arrangements to send on receipt of P.O.O. for the reduced amount of 40s., accompanied by tightly-fitting Dress Bods, a No. 53 Stand, which folds up and packs into a small box of 25 in. by 15 in. This 40s. Stand is moulded to be an exact model of the owner's person, by means of which any one can make and fit a dress as well as the most fashionable dressmaker."

No. 62. The Queen newspaper, in commenting upon it, says:—"It weighs only six pounds, and occupies a box 3 inches wide. It is easily packed away in a drawer or travelling trunk. It expands and contracts as desired, and by its means the skirts of the tallest, shortest, stoutest, or thinnest lady can be made, draped, trimmed, looped, cleaned, or dried. It removes all creases after travelling, and can be had for P.O.O. 20s."

GRABHAM and CO., 24 and 26, Whitfield Street, Goodge Street, W.

PERRY AND CO.'S KEYLESS SPORTING WATCH.

(IN NICKEL CASE). PRICE 21s. LADIES' SIZE, 25s.



STERLING SILVER CASES, 30s. GOLD CASES, 5 Guineas.

This Watch is the best and Cheapest in the market. It is a **RELIABLE TIMEKEEPER.** Horizontal Movement, Jewelled, and well finished. Crystal Glass. Invaluable for Riding, Boating, Cricketing, &c., as also for Schoolboys' wear.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS, 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

<